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No. 109

MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

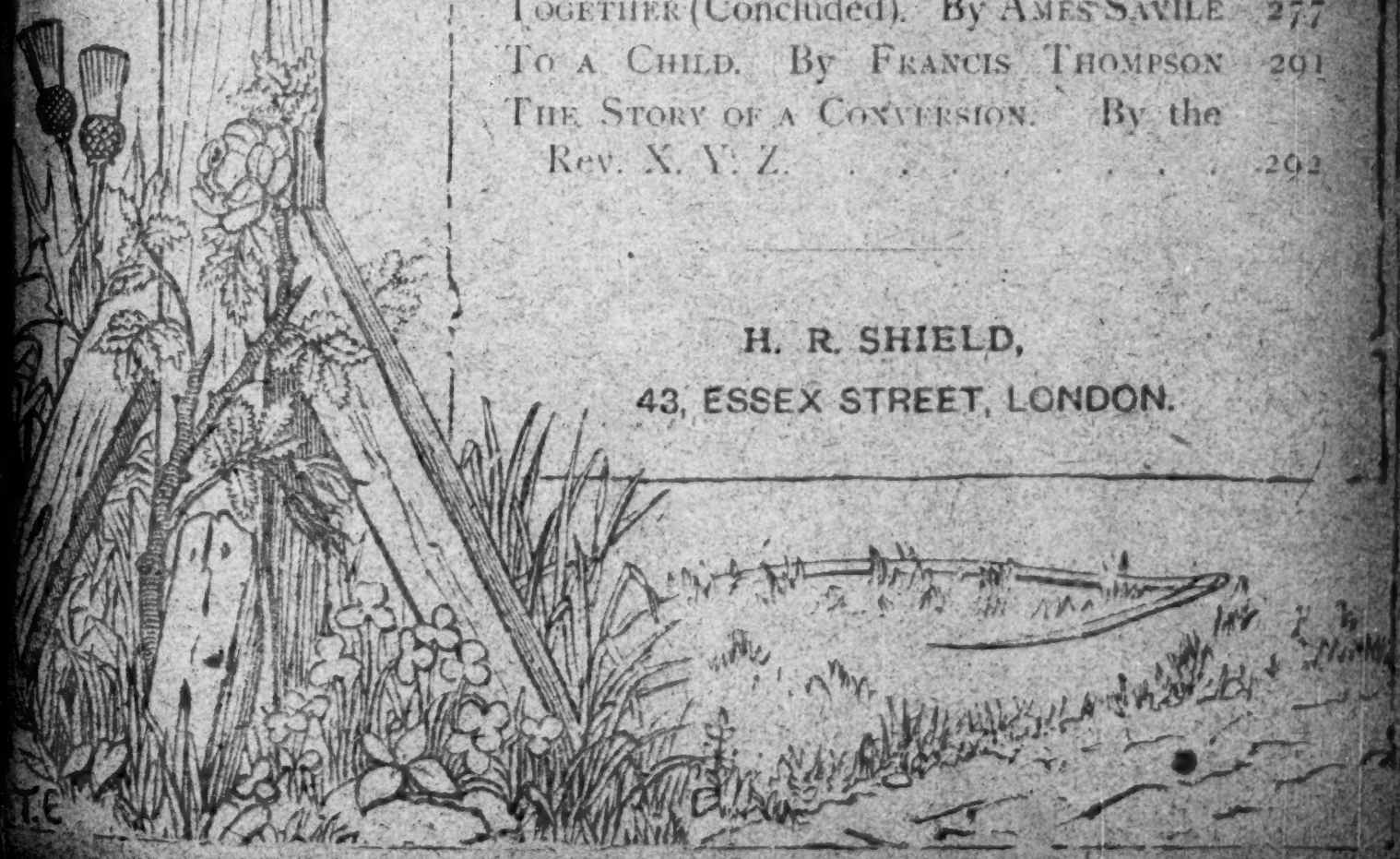
ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY]

AUGUST, 1892.

FRONTISPIECE: THE MOST REV. ANGUS McDONALD, ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF EDINBURGH.	
MRS. WASHINGTON HIBBERT. By BERNARD WHELAN	237
FROM THE "DOLLY" TO THE "JULIA" By A. C. OPIE	240
MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS. By W. M.	254
A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By RICHARD DAVEY	255
CLOVER. By EASTWOOD KIDSON	275
TOGETHER (Concluded). By AMES SAVILE	277
TO A CHILD. By FRANCIS THOMPSON	291
THE STORY OF A CONVERSION. By the Rev. X. Y. Z.	292

H. R. SHIELD,
43, ESSEX STREET, LONDON.



THE
WESTMINSTER PRESS,

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General Printers and Publishers,

UNDERTAKES THE PRINTING OF

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The Manning Memorial.

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IN accordance with the Resolutions passed at a Meeting presided over by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, contributions are invited towards a MANNING MEMORIAL in the shape of a REFUGE under Catholic management for the HOMELESS POOR without distinction of creed.

The following subscriptions are thankfully acknowledged :

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged	3,949	9	5
The Bishop of Aberdeen	2	0	0
The Bishop of Ardagh	5	0	0
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Anonymous	0	2	6
Anonymous	0	2	6
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The Rev. A. J. Collingwood	1	0	0
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The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
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The Rev. Michael Cuffe	2	0	0
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Mr. Christmas	1	0	0
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Mrs. Colvin	100	0	0
Mrs. Coffin	5	0	0
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Mr. Leo Daglish (per the Rev. Father Kuyte)	1	0	0
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The Hon. Mrs. Fraser	25	0	0
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Mr. J. Garrett (per the Rev. J. Caswell)	0	5	0
Gratitude	2	8	0
Mr. A. Gouffé (per the Rev. C. W. Forster)	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hunt (per the Rev. C. A. Wheatley)	0	1	0
Miss Haldy (per the Ladies' Committee)	1	1	0
Miss Hannen (Do.)	1	0	0
Mr. John V. Hornyhold	5	0	6
Mr. Hawkins	5	0	0
The Rev. Edward Heery	1	0	0
Do. (Collected by)	0	5	0
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Mrs. Hornsey	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hennessey (per the Very Rev. Canon Coxon)	1	1	0
Miss Amy Imrie (per the Ladies' Committee)	1	1	0
Mrs. James (per the Rev. C. A. Wheatley)	0	5	0
Dr. William Jones	1	1	0
The Vicomte Adolphe Jaubert	2	0	0
The Rev. Father Kuyte	1	0	0
The Rev. C. Kimpé	0	10	0
The Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin	2	0	0
Mr. William Keane	2	2	0
Collected by the Rev. James Keatinge	0	12	0
The Rev. Martin Kelly (of Otley)	1	0	0
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Mr. Philip Lodwidge... ..	2	2	0
Lieut.-Colonel Locke (per the Rev. F. J. Dennon)	1	1	0
The Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope	2	2	0

The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Lucia	0	5	0
The Rev. George Le Bosquet	1	0	0
The Rev. Charles James Locke	1	1	0
The Rev. A. Leonard	0	10	0
From the Children of St. Mary's Orphanage, North Hyde (per the Rev. Brother Calixtus)	0	7	6
The Rev. Arthur McCarthy	1	0	0
The Rev. George E. Machele	1	1	0
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Miss Edith Moore (per the Ladies' Committee)	5	0	0
Lady Matthew (per the Ladies' Committee)	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Murty	1	0	0
The Earl of Newburgh (per Archbishop Stonor)	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Norton	0	11	0
The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle	25	0	0
The Bishop of Ogdensburg, U.S.A.	1	0	0
The Very Rev. Canon O'Callaghan	2	2	0
The Rev. Augustine Pippet	1	0	0
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The Rev. Joseph F. Padbury	1	1	0
Mrs. Pratt	0	10	0
Mrs. P. (per the Rev. A. H. Pownall)	1	1	0
Mrs. Riddell (per the Ladies' Committee)	5	0	0
The Rev. F. Reynaerts	1	0	0
The Rev. P. A. Ridgway and Kemerton Congregation	4	10	0
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Mr. C. H. Reynolds	1	1	0
The Right Rev. Bishop Richardo, Vicar-Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope (Eastern Division)	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Lawrence Swinburne	1	1	0
The Brothers of St. John of God, Scorton	1	1	0
Mr. Charles E. Stowell (per the Bishop of Southwark)	1	1	0
Per the Bishop of Southwark	0	3	6
Lady Sherborne (per the Ladies' Committee)	5	0	0
Mrs. Slade (Do.)	3	0	0
Mr. Vincent Scully (per the Very Rev. Canon Barron)	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Sidney (per the Rev. J. Burchall)	1	0	0
Mr. John St. Laurence	1	0	0
Mr. John St. Laurence, Junr.	1	0	0
Miss Sophla Sherlock	1	0	0
The Rev. Francis Scoles, S.J.	1	1	0
The Rev. R. B. Sankey	1	1	0
Mr. Francis Sutton	2	0	0
Mr. A. J. Sexton (per the Rev. M. Kelly, Otley)	0	5	0
Mr. John Thompson	1	0	0
The Rev. Charles D. Turnerelli	1	15	0
Lady Edmund Talbot (per the Ladies' Committee)	10	0	0
Mrs. Thorpe	0	10	0
Members of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw (per the Rev. J. Corbishley)	4	10	0
Lady Van Straubenzie (per the Ladies' Committee)	2	0	0
Mrs. Richard Ward (Do.)	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Worlledge (Do.)	2	0	0

The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
The Rev. C. H. Wood	1	1	0
The Franciscan Convent, Taunton	5	0	0
Miss B. Walmesley (per the Ladies' Committee)	1	1	0
Mrs. Weld (Do.)	5	0	0
Mrs. Winstanley (per the Rev. W. J. Dolan)	0	10	0
The late Mrs. Massey, R.I.P. (Do.)	0	10	0
Mr. E. Walmsley	0	10	0
Mrs. Woods (per the Rev. T. F. Norris)	1	0	0
Anonymous : An Indian Gold Locket valued at (for sale)	5	5	0
Per the Ladies' Committee :			
Mrs. Berger	1	1	0
Convent of Marie Auxilatrice, Bow Road, E.	1	1	0
Mr. Enright, B.Sc.	0	10	0
Mrs. J. H. Grimshawe	20	0	0
Miss Mary Grimshaw	10	0	0
Mrs. Francis Kerr	0	10	0
Mrs. Leeming	5	0	0
The Rev. Mother, St. Mary's Priory, Mill Hill	5	0	0
The Rev. Mother, St. Vincent's, Mill Hill	5	0	0
Mrs. Charles Payne	2	2	0
The Honourable Mrs. Pereira	3	0	0
Mr. Denham Robinson	2	2	0
Mrs. Riddell	3	0	0
Mrs. Stafford	2	2	0
The Honourable Mrs. Scott-Murray	3	0	0
Miss Scott-Murray	0	10	0
Miss Mary Scott-Murray	0	10	0
Mr. Albert Spicer	2	2	0
The Rev. Mother, St. Monica's Priory, South Mimms	0	10	0
Miss G. and Miss M. Tatham	2	2	0
Mrs. Whitlaw	1	1	0

Church and Mission Collections.

Collection at Stella, Blaydon-on-Tyne (per the Very Rev. Canon Wrennall)	3	0	0
„ Heddon (per the Rev. D. J. Smith)... ..	1	7	7
„ Ridding Park (per the Rev. F. G. Wood)... ..	5	0	0
„ St. Mary's, Hastings (per the Rev. D. Crescitelli)	0	15	0
„ St. Joseph's, Brighouse (per the Rev. J. D. Foley)	0	10	0
Collected by the Rev. C. A. Wheatley	0	9	6
Collection at Sacred Heart Church, Amble (per the Rev. M. Forster)	0	10	0
„ Workington (per the Rev. F. Hutchison, O.S.B.)	2	13	4
„ St. Benet's, Monk-Wearmouth (per the Rev. J. Du Floër)	1	15	3
Collection at Crook (per the Rev. A. Pippet)	1	10	0
„ Clitheroe (per the Rev. J. Hartell)	0	10	0
„ St. George's, Scotswood-on-Tyne (per the Rev. Father Kuyte)	1	3	6
„ St. Wilfrid's, Bishop Auckland (per the Rev. J. Little)	0	16	1

The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at St. Stephen's, Skipton (per the Rev. R. Sharp)	1	0	4
„ St. Patrick's, Leeds (per the Rev. A. J. Collingwood)	2	4	0
„ Our Lady's Church, Nottingham (per the Very Rev. Provost Harnett)	2	2	0
„ St. Mary's Hexham (per the Very R v. Canon Cooke)	3	2	6
„ Our Lady's Church, Rotherhithe (per the Rev. C. Kimpé)	1	15	0
„ Leyburn (per the Very Rev. Canon Pearson)	1	6	6
„ St. Peter's, Gloucester (per the Very Rev. Canon Barron)	5	9	0
„ St. Joseph's, Tow Law (per the Rev. J. R. Wood)	1	6	0
„ St. Peter's, South Bank, Yorks (per the Rev. J. Browne)	0	7	6
„ Heron's Ghyll, Uckfield (per the Rev. T. Ottley)	0	7	6
„ All Saints' Ashburne (per the Rev. T. Middleton)	1	5	0
„ the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington (per the Rev. Michael Fanning)	9	0	0
„ Scarthingwell, Tadcaster (per the Rev. H. Offermann)	0	17	0
„ Swinburn, Northumberland (per the Rev. R. Nenci)	0	10	0
„ St. Wilfrid's, Sheffield (per the Rev. G. H. Bradley)	1	2	6
„ Gainford (per the Rev. M. Birgen)	0	15	0
„ Willington Quay (pr the Rev. Van Kipperslijs)	1	2	0
„ Sacriston, Durham (per the Rev. H. Gillow)	0	10	0
„ Tyne Dock, South Shields (per the Rev. R. Taylerson)	1	0	0
„ Wigton (per the Rev. M. T. Bourke)	0	19	0
„ St. Mary's, Blackhill, Durham (per the Rev. J. Foran)	3	18	6
„ New Wortley, Leeds (per the Rev. M. A. Mulcahy)	0	15	0
„ Sacred Heart Church, West Brighton (per the Rev. S. A. Donnelly)	2	17	9
„ Southam (per the Rev. H. Taylor)	0	11	6
„ St. Bede's, Carlisle (per the Rev. T. J. Smith)	1	12	0
„ Bonham (per the Bishop of Clifton)	0	12	0
„ Malmesbury (Do.)	1	6	0
„ Kemerton and Bachford (per the Rev. P. A. Ridgway)	2	0	0
„ Burton Park, Petworth (per the Rev. N. V. Broder)	0	10	6
„ St. Charles, Attercliffe (per the Rev. J. Hurst)	0	16	0
„ Buxton (per the Rev. J. T. Hoeben)	1	10	6
„ Dudley (per the Rev. T. Keates)	2	19	0
„ Castleford, Yorks (per the Rev. J. Hewison)	0	15	6
„ Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, W. (per Mgr. Talbot)	1	15	0

The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at St. Mary's on the Quay, Bristol (per the Rev. T. Hill, S.J.)...	1	7	9
„ St. Mary's, Knaresboro' (per the Rev. C. G. Smith) ...	1	7	0
„ Wilton Park and Walsingham (per the Rev. H. J. Cadogan ...	0	14	0
„ Minster Acres (per the Rev. E. J. Barnett)..	0	12	0
„ South Mimms (per the Rev. A. H. Cullen)..	0	5	1
„ St. Joseph's, Hunslet (per the Rev. A. Dekkers) ...	1	10	0
„ Camberley (per the Rev. T. Ford) ...	1	0	0
„ Sacred Heart Church, West Battersea (per the Very Rev. Father Rector) ...	1	0	0
„ Franciscan Church, Peckham (per the Very Rev. Father Guardian) ...	1	5	6
„ Franciscan Church, Crawley (per the Very Rev. Father Guardian) ..	1	17	4
„ Richmond (per the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe ...	2	1	0
„ St. Mary's, Brighton (per the Very Rev. Canon Moore) ...	2	3	9
„ Mortlake (per the Very Rev. Provost Wenham) ...	2	8	4
„ St. Augustine's, Ramsgate (per the Rev. A. P. Fox, O.S.B.) ...	2	8	5
„ Margate (per the Rev. S. Sanders, O.S.B.)	2	15	0
„ Sutton Park (per the Rev. C. Conway, D.D.)	3	18	0
„ Bromley (per the Rev. J. O'Meara)...	0	15	0
„ St. John's, Gravesend (per the Rev. J. Wyatt) ...	2	2	0
„ St. Joseph's, Guildford (per the Rev. R. Fowler) ...	3	10	0
„ Old Hall Parish Church, Ware (per the Rev. C. S. Jones)...	0	17	0
„ SS. Peter and Edward's, Buckingham Gate, S.W. (per the Rev. C. W. Forster) ...	1	0	7
„ St. Teresa's, Ashford (per the Rev. F. Reynart ...	0	17	6
„ Our Lady's Church, Stock (per the Rev. W. H. Cologan) ...	2	4	6
„ St. John's, Duncan Terrace, N. (per the Rev. L. Pycke) ...	2	12	3
„ St. Mary's, Halifax (per the Very Rev. Canon Gordon) ...	3	5	3
„ Oulton (per Rev. F. Crewe) ...	0	12	6
„ St. Mary's, Moorfields (per Monsignor Gilbert) ...	3	2	0
„ St. Michael's, Chatham (per the Rev. J. Keatinge) ...	1	5	0
„ St. Michael's, Chatham, Military (per the Rev. J. Keatinge) ..	0	4	6
„ St. Paulinus, Brompton (per the Rev. J. Keatinge) ...	1	0	0
„ Church of the English Martyrs, York (per Monsignor Goldie) ...	1	19	10

The Manning Memorial. — Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at St. Joseph's, West Hartlepool (per the Rev. W. Wickwar)	3	0	0
„ Norwood Convent (per Rev. F. O'Callaghan	2	0	0
„ Church of St. Francis de Sales, Tottenham, (per the Rev. F. Bayly)	2	12	6
„ Our Lady of Good Counsel, Hayward's Heath	1	0	0
„ St. Mary's and St. Benedict's, Wootton Wawen (per the Rev. T. P. McCabe, O.S.B.)	5	0	0
„ Church of the Holy Rood, Watford (per the Rev. M. S. Ryan)	0	10	6
„ St. Winnefride's, Welshpool (per the Rev. F. de Vos)	0	5	6
„ Boleyn Castle (per the Rev. J. Zsilkay) ...	0	4	6
„ Purfleet (do.)	0	4	0
„ St. Stephen's, Shepherd's Bush (per the Rev. A. H. Pownall)	1	3	4
„ St. George's, Walthamstow (per the Rev. T. Walsh)	0	15	3
„ Barnard Castle (per the Rev. J. Shea) ...	3	6	0
„ Our Lady's Church, Bow (per the Rev. T. P. Thacker)	1	17	6
„ Sacred Heart Church, Holloway (per the Rev. W. J. Dolan)	2	17	0
„ St. Joseph's, Denbigh (per the Rev. J. Smallwood, S.J.)	0	5	6
„ Oxburgh, Brandon (per the Rev. W. H. Bodley)	2	2	9
„ St. Mary's, Batley (per the Rev. Charles Gordon)	2	2	4
„ Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane, W.C. (per the Rev. F. Skrimshire)	20	0	0
„ Sale (per the Rev. M. Crawley)	1	5	0
„ Sacred Heart Church, Camberwell (per the Very Rev. Canon McGrath)	2	18	0
„ Our Lady's Church, Willesden (per the Rev. G. Cologan)	2	18	3
„ Church of Holy Cross, Warley (per the Rev. C. J. Moncrieff-Smyth)	3	0	8
„ Settle (per the Rev. T. Bradley)	0	5	0
„ Market Drayton (per the Rev. D. Williams)	0	10	6
„ St. Michael's, Elswick (per the Very Rev. Canon Dunn)	3	3	0
„ St. Francis, Notting Hill (per the Rev. J. B. White)	2	6	0
„ St. Cuthbert's, North Shields (per the Rev. J. Stark)	1	2	0
„ St. Joseph's, Cockermouth (per the Rev. T. Clavering)	1	0	0
„ St. Vincent's, Sheffield (per the Rev. J. Brady, C.M.)	3	10	0
„ St. Antony's, Forest Gate (per the Rev. F. Alexander, O.S.F.)	3	14	3
„ Taunton (per the Very Rev. Canon Mitchell)	1	5	9

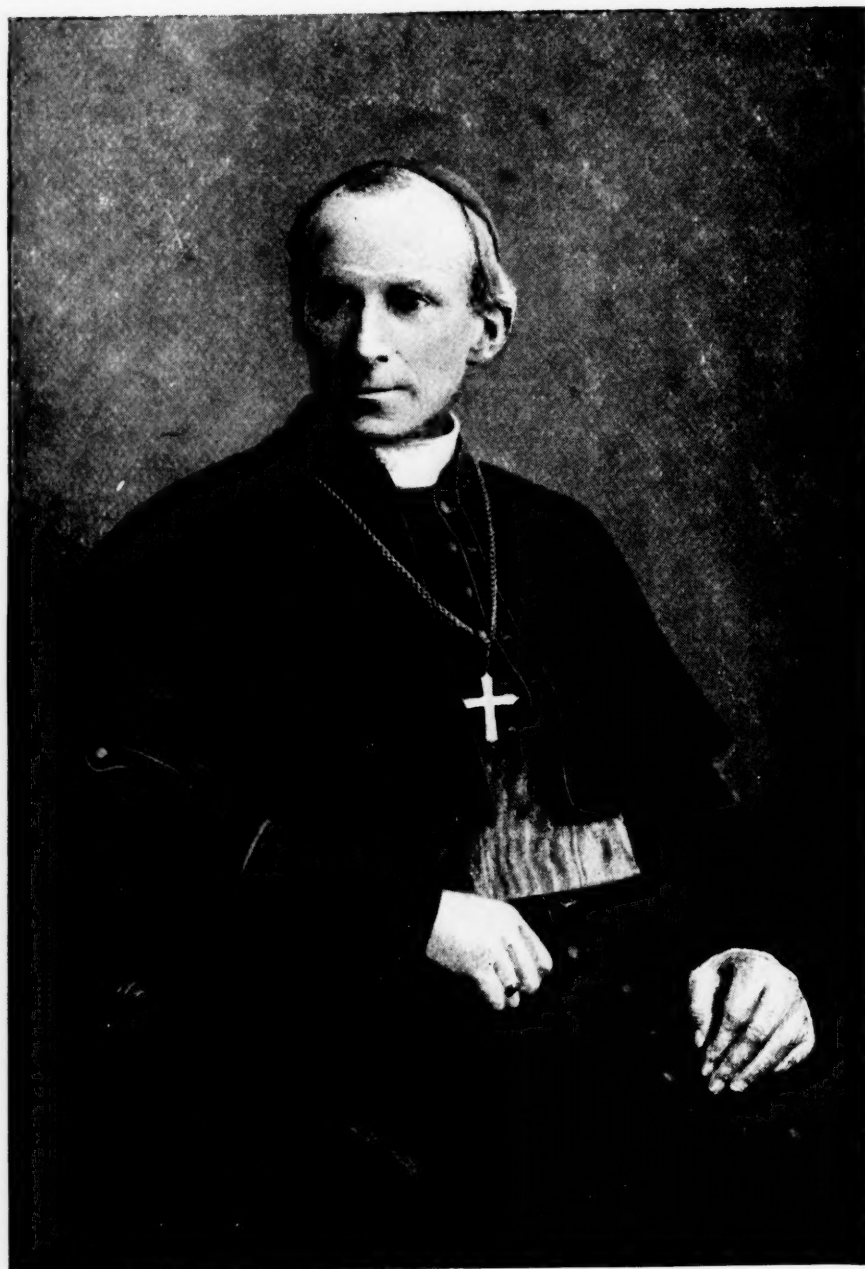
The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Husband's, Bosworth (per the Rev. W. J. Otty)	0	7	0
„ Brentwood (per the Rev. T. F. Norris)	0	9	9
„ Deal (per the Rev. M. O'Neill)	0	10	0
„ Egremont, Cumberland (per the Rev. S. B. Finch, O.S.B.)	1	3	10
„ St. Alban's (per the Rev. A. J. J. Mac-Donell)	0	5	0
„ Thetford (per the Rev. G. Brennan)	0	7	0
„ Wisbech (per the Rev. H. C. Colpman)	1	5	6
„ Sudbury, Suffolk (per the Bishop of Northampton)	0	7	8
„ All Saints, Glossop (per the Rev. W. J. Baigent)	0	8	0
„ Notre Dame de France, Leicester Place, W.C. (per the Very Rev. L. Thomas)	2	0	0
„ Otley (per the Rev. N. Kelly)	2	11	0
„ Mawley (per the Rev. H. Gregson)	0	14	8
„ Waltham Cross (per the Rev. E. Brousgeest)	0	10	0
„ SS. Mary and Michael's, Commercial Road (per the Very Rev. Canon O'Callaghan)	2	18	0
„ Church of the Sacred Heart, Fareham (per the Rev. E. Collins)	1	1	0
„ St. Joseph's, Guernsey (per the Very Rev. Canon Foran)	2	12	0
„ St. Nicholas, Bristol (per the Very Rev. Canon Coxon)	2	14	0
„ St. Anne's, Ormskirk (per the Rev. W. B. Rigby, O.S.B.)	3	3	2
„ St. Cuthbert's, Berwick-on-Tweed (per the Rev. W. M. Smyth)	2	12	8
„ St. James's, Spanish Place, W. (per the Very Rev. Canon Barry)	7	7	0
„ Chelmsford (per the Rev. J. F. Padbury)	0	14	6
„ Our Lady and St. Edward, Chiswick (per the Rev. R. Tuke)	2	17	11
„ Whitewell, Clitheroe (per Rev. J. Higgins)	0	18	3
„ St. Joseph's, Wath-upon-Deane (per the Rev. C. J. Locke)	1	13	6
„ St. Joseph's, Roehampton (per the Rev. M. King)	1	5	3
„ St. John's, Horsham (per the Rev. P. G. Munro)	1	0	0
„ Our Lady's Church, Worthing (per the Rev. J. Purdon)	0	18	9
„ St. Anselm's, Dartford (per the Rev. R. V. Collinson)	0	5	0
„ St. Fidelis, Erith (per the Rev. F. Clement)	1	3	3
„ Flint (per the Bishop of Shrewsbury)	0	10	3
„ Shrewsbury „	3	8	5
„ Newport Salop „	0	9	0
„ Upton Hall, Birkenhead „	0	11	10
„ „ The Convent „	1	0	0
„ Neston „	0	10	0
„ Puddington „	0	7	6

The Manning Memorial.—Continued.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at St. Werburgh's, Birkenhead			
(per the Bishop of Shrewsbury)	4	5	6
„ St. Laurence's, Birkenhead „	4	16	5
„ Liscard, Cheshire „	4	4	0
„ Barmouth „	0	5	2
„ St. Philip „	5	14	9
„ Pantasaph „	2	3	5
„ Latchford „	1	1	2
„ Rhyl „	0	4	0
„ Our Lady's Church, Kentish Town (per the Rev. F. Connolly)	3	18	4
„ St. Mary's, Felton (per the Rev. A. J. Wilkinson)	1	15	0
„ St. Edward's, Burton-on-Trent (per the Rev. H. de Burgh)	2	3	6

Cheques are payable to the MANNING MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, and are to be addressed to the Manning Memorial Committee, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.



THE MOST REV. ANGUS MCDONALD.

ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF EDINBURGH.

(From the *Scottish Catholic Directory*.)

MERRY ENGLAND.

AUGUST, 1892.

Mrs. Washington Hibbert.

THE death of Mrs. Washington Hibbert in the June of this year, has taken from our midst a lady who was for years a Catholic in London society—before all a Catholic. Farm Street can bear witness that she was a pious one; the poor of Warwickshire and of Middlesex will vouch that she was a generous one. After seventeen years she has followed her husband to rest beneath the church which was built at her request. The founders of the Church of St. Marie at Rugby have loved it from the beginning and have loved it to the end.

A new death brings back an older death to memories which are apt to suffer from the creeping paralysis of time. But complete paralysis of recollection shall never come to those who knew Mr. Washington Hibbert. His personality was one to know which was a privilege and to be reminded of which brings a pang. I remember him in his stately room with deep walls in Dover Street and in his little study in Hill Street. I remember his military figure erect to the end, his white hair beautiful in life and in death. I cannot forget his features—more finely cut, if possible, in life than when he lay dead in his *chapelle ardente*. His courtly courtesy to youthful nobodies is in the memory of some of us.

Influenced by his surroundings he became a Catholic in the prime of life. As a mighty hunter himself he took for patron St. Hubert. The legend of the conversion of the Saint was carved and engraved in many ways to please him. Indeed there was always about him an atmosphere of Christian chivalry. In everything he was princely in the old heroic meaning of the word ; all things done by him were done largely. Bilton Grange tells the story of his private magnificence ; the church, the schools, the monastic buildings, the priceless spaces at Rugby, are memorials of his generosity.

He gave up his fine house in Dover Street to be nearer his favourite church ; he spoilt one of his stables in Hill Street in order to have closer access to Farm Street, where each morning he heard two Masses. The Jesuit Fathers might rely on any service that might be within his power to render. In later life, Mayfair became his abode : post-horses were not allowed to drag him even to favoured Rugby. When Pellegrini drew him for *Vanity Fair* the picture was labelled, "A Consistent Londoner." He knew many Londoners and could mix with the brightest of them ; although in final times he, I think, cultivated solitude too sedulously. Yet Patti would sing for him when she dared not do so for anyone. And Disraeli—the enigmatic, the sought after, the ever to be regretted—would dine with him. On the one hand, he had sympathy with the enthusiasts of the Gothic revival, and employed as his first architect Augustus Pugin ; on the other hand, he was in contact with the stupidities of the society of his own day, and of the day before.

London has a double population—the living and the dead. The dead are those we once knew and saw and loved ; some of them are those we knew, but never saw, yet loved through their greatness or sweetness. For every living friend we are haunted by the ghost of one dead ; as we grow older the ghosts increase in number until we shall be drawn to join their affectionate

ranks. But now the spectral kindness of their eyes shines from the dusk of memory. There were stars which are dissolved into cosmic dust ; yet their long-travelled light is with us still : in some such wise come the eyes of the dead to me.

I should like to expostulate with Death ; I would meet him by preference in a crowded thoroughfare, for safety's sake. Yet why ? He might as well clutch me by the throat and end me. The sting of death is to the survivors. The last words spoken to me by my friend and exquisite client confirm this. In a message to a friend of both of us, he said, "Take her my love ; ask her to pray that I may die."

BERNARD WHELAN.

From the "Dolly" to the "Julia."

TO the Marquesa Islands Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson hies the readers of his new book, "The Wreckers"; and his volume of fiction recalls to mind a chapter of facts. It is just fifty years since Mr. Herman Melville was an honest Catholic sailor on board the *Dolly*, an American whaler, in the Pacific. From his "Narrative of a Four Months' Residence among the Natives of a valley of the Marquesas Islands," we get a story of adventure which even the imagination of Louis Stevenson has not surpassed. The vessel had been six months at sea, out of sight of land, chasing the sperm whale beneath the scorching sun of the line—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else. Many weeks had elapsed since her fresh provisions had been all exhausted; there was not a single yam or sweet potato left; nothing but salt horse and sea-biscuit. Moreover, the commander was a harsh, selfish fellow, who cared not, so long as his own wants were attended to, that his men had lived on salted plank. No wonder that the crew became land-sick, and that visions of verdant islands, happy valleys, tropical fruits and flowers, desertion and liberty, floated in their dreams. The captain's store of delicacies was not everlasting, however; an appeal to his stomach was more powerful than one to his heart, and so the *Dolly's* prow was at length turned

landward. The Marquesas was her destination; and thither in eighteen or twenty days, the gentle trade winds wafted her. It was in the summer of 1842 that they dropped anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, and just at the time that the French Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars was taking these islands. The bay and valley of Nukuheva were in great commotion. It was high gala-day with the crew of the *Dolly*; and the temptations of the island, rendered doubly powerful by the memory of the harsh treatment they had experienced at sea, told among them, as might have been expected. Here, then, Herman Melville, in company with a shipmate, made up his mind to desert, and to take his chance among the natives until some more kindly craft might appear.

Making their escape in ordinary sailor dress, with no implements save their knives and no stores save a few biscuits, a pound or two of tobacco, and a piece of calico to present to the natives, the two runaways made for the heights of Nukuheva, whence they might watch the departure of the *Dolly*, and be out of reach of the inhabitants, who never leave the bosoms of their valleys—each tribe possessing its own vale, to which it is confined at once by the surrounding heights and the fear of neighbours. To these heights they forced their way through jungle and cane-brake, drenched to the skin by heavy rains, bruised, torn, and bleeding. At the height of three thousand feet night fell around them, cold, weary, and hungry; the rain and friction had ground their biscuit to pulp, and this pulp was rendered all but uneatable by the juice of the tobacco, which had been thrust into the same receptacle. They looked around them for fruit, but they were above the region of the cocoanut and bread tree; and, unsavoury as their biscuit pulp might be, it was their only resource. What they had might have sufficed for a single meal; but the *Dolly* would not sail for eight or ten days, and to descend from their security till then would be to defeat the

project for which they had hazarded their careers. What was to be done ?

After a brief discussion, in which both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that, little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition was assented to ; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and cutting it with my knife into half-a-dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division. At first Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed ; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we must have greatly diminished its quantity. When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a tablespoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in a bit of silk prepared for it ; and, joining them all together into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of my companion. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning ; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.

Still holding inland towards the central heights of the island, from which the valleys radiate like the spokes of a wheel, the adventurers came to a waterfall, under the cliff of which they proposed to rest till the morning. The night was wet and gusty ; so, slanting a few fallen branches against the precipice, and covering them with leaves and withered grass, they crept under and disposed their wearied bodies as they could best contrive. " Shall I ever forget that horrid night ? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice ; but he lay shivering the livelong night, like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported

against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me. By protecting one part, I only exposed another; and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and in general care little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition, almost unmanned me." As might be expected, the earliest peep of dawn found them stirring from this uncomfortable resting-place; and having despatched their scanty breakfast of biscuit pulp, they were once more on their journey. After three or four days of toilsome wandering by day, and lairing by night under the shelter of rocks or fallen trunks, their miserable stock of provision was consumed; and there was now no alternative but to descend into the first valley, and risk a reception with the natives. To turn back to the Nukuhevans would have been madness, as these people were sure to deliver them up to the vessel in hope of reward; to make a haphazard descent was a mere life-lottery—they might fall into the hands of the mild and gentle Happers; but they were quite as likely to enter the valley of the Typees, reputed the most fierce and cannibal of the Marquesans. Descend, however, they must, or starve where they were. Their biscuit crumbs were gone, and the chewing of succulent shoots and young buds was but a temporary expedient.

Taking, then, the first watercourse that offered, they commenced their descent to the more fertile lowlands:

From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments

which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarcely light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the un pitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing. Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparation for passing the night. Here we constructed a shelter in much the same way as before; and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings.

Having continued their descent on the following morning, they soon came to a rocky precipice, nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Desperate men will often accomplish, it is said, what would utterly baffle the most skilful and cautious; and so it was with our adventurers. The sides of the ravine were covered with curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly over it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest

of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown and decayed, with their extremities snapped off; and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Their scheme was to entrust themselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and, by slipping down from one to another, to gain the bottom. Toby, the lightest and most active, commenced this dangerous descent; Melville followed, cautiously transferring himself from the root down which he first slid to a couple of others that were near it, wisely deeming two strings to his bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before he trusted his weight to them:

On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots that were round me, to my consternation they snapped off, one after another, like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches by which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air, and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain. I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it; until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root, caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

We need not follow the adventurers through every difficulty and escape in their descent to the valley. Enough to state that they reached it, worn out and hungry, and found it the abode.

not, as expected, of the gentle Happar, but of the warlike Typee. They were first discovered by a boy and girl, who instantly gave the alarm; and in less than twenty minutes they were surrounded by half the inhabitants of the valley. After considerable scrutiny and questioning—a questioning which was all but unintelligible—the natives seemed pleased with the new-comers, admitted them into one of their best bamboo houses, and placed before them a repast consisting of cocoa milk and poee-poe—the latter a staple article of food among the Marquesans, manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. "During the repast the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned by a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the line. They felt our skin much in the same way that a silk-mercantile would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin." After supper they were regaled with a pipe; and about midnight the group around them gradually dispersed, leaving only those who appeared to be permanent inmates of the house. These now provided their guests or prisoners with mats to lie upon; and then extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down to sleep, allowing the adventurers to follow their example. Thus entered they upon their sojourn in the valley of Typee, ignorant whether on the morrow they were to be treated as friends, or served up as a banquet to the cannibal natives.

The next morning Melville felt ill at ease. The limb he had injured in descending the ravine began to show alarming symptoms, and as no medical aid was near, the suspicion crossed his mind that he might remain there a disabled prisoner for life,

if indeed the disease might not prove fatal. His companion strove to cheer him. The native doctor exhibited his skill in frictions and emollients, but to little purpose; and for the meantime there was no resource but to submit to be carried hither and thither, as the chief commanded, on the shoulders of a herculean Typee, some six feet three inches in height. In this style he was borne to the stream to bathe, to the chief's residence, to the sacred groves—in fact, wherever his curiosity suggested. Though comfortable in every respect, nay, though doted on by the natives, our adventurers had no wish to become adopted Typees, and were consequently plotting their escape. For this purpose it was agreed that Toby should steal across the frontier ridge, pass the Happar valley, and make for Nukuheva, where, telling his tale to the French, he might induce them to send a boat to ransom or rescue his disabled companion. In this attempt, however, he was completely unsuccessful; for even before he had crossed the frontier, a party of straggling Happers fell upon him, and he only escaped by a rapid flight into the valley of Typee, though not before he had received a javelin wound that disabled him for several days. All hope being cut off in that quarter, they now waited in patience for some boat to touch at the valley to barter with the Typees for fruit, pigs, and water. Such an opportunity at length arrived; but, unfortunately, Melville was still unable to avail himself of it; and Toby left him, under promise of returning in three or four days with help from Nukuheva. Of his companion, however, he was destined never to hear again. Whether he had gone off in the boats of some passing vessel, had reached Nukuheva, and there forgot his promise, or had been massacred by the natives in his attempt to escape, Melville could never learn. The Typees could not by any means be brought to mention the name of Toby; or, if they did, it was vaguely to denounce him as an ungrateful runaway.

But whatever might have been Toby's fate, now that he was

gone the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention to Melville ; treated him with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had he been some celestial visitant. In spite of all this, he was nevertheless a prisoner : his athletic valet was never from his side ; he was guarded and tended with the strictest care ; and none of the natives would listen for a moment to any conversation respecting his departure. The cause of all this kindness he was utterly at a loss to discover. Did they regard a white man as a curiosity too valuable to part with, or—horrible thought—did they nurse and nourish him as the future victim of some of their cannibal festivals ? Such thoughts he could not altogether repress ; and though he never uttered the word departure, it was the one thought ever uppermost in his mind. His injured limb being so far recovered that he could walk without support, he now roamed over the valley, attended by his appointed valet, visited every nook and cranny, studied the customs and manners of the natives (to which we shall hereafter allude), conformed himself so far to their ways as to adopt their dress ; and even consented to be tattooed ; and, if we may judge from his relation, was about to accept a Typee bride, on whose beauty and gentleness he dwells in no measured terms. But though our hero thus revelled in all the enjoyments of Polynesian life, it was enjoyment under restraint. The glorious festivals of the chiefs, the dancings and rejoicings, the love-wanderings with his chosen Fayaway, would have been rejected at any hour for the hail of an English voice or the sight of a whaler's long-boat. Nor was he destined long to dream of such an occurrence ; for one morning the valley was startled from its propriety by the arrival of a native stranger, whose looks, gestures, and words were regarded by the Typees with more than human reverence. This was a tabooed Marquesan from Nukuheva ; one who had right to wander where he chose without molestation, and one

whose presence was eagerly sought after by the chiefs, who were anxious to learn the proceedings of the French. Marnoo was his name. He had been taken, when a boy, to Sydney by the captain of a trading vessel, and had, in addition to his other qualities, acquired a smattering of English. From this individual Melville learned what was going on at Nukuheva; and a scheme might have been concocted for our hero's release, had not his anxiety betrayed him; and he and Marnoo were instantly separated by order of the chiefs. Was ever poor adventurer born under a more unlucky star?

Another month had scarcely passed by when the valley again rang with shouts of "Marnoo pemi," and the tabooed stranger once more made his appearance. This time he had come from his native valley of Pueearka; and the thought instantly struck Melville that thither he might escape, and then take his chance of getting to Nukuheva, provided he could enlist the sympathies of Marnoo in his behalf. But Melville's heart sank within him when Marnoo, in his broken English, answered him that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said; "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihenee (young girls). Oh, very good place Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come." When Melville again related to him the circumstances under which he had descended into the valley, Marnoo cut him short by exclaiming passionately—"Me no hear you talk any more; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No; you see he no want you to speak to me at all—you see? Ah! by by you no mind—you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now, you listen; but no talk any more. By by I go; you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep); you run away; you come Pueearka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka—

he no harm you. Ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more." So saying, Marnoo left him, and engaged in conversation with the chiefs.

Here, then, was a way of escape for poor Melville; and he instantly set about to accomplish it. But night after night, as he attempted to steal from the house, his ever-watchful valet was in a moment by his side; and his excuses for rising at such untimely hours were as instantly nullified by the objects he sought being placed by his side. His last and only hope was to wait the arrival of some boat in the bay, his determination being, in such an event, to reach the sea at all hazards. He had recently witnessed doings in the valley which made him more uneasy than ever. The men who could revel over the carcass of a Happar, would have little compunction, in case of offence, to do the same with the plumper body of an American. Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, when one morning the valley was startled by the shouts of, "Toby has arrived here!" Whether it was Toby or not, it was clear a boat was in the bay, to which the crowd was fast hurrying; and, mounting on his valet's shoulders, our adventurer was proceeding seaward with the throng. Mark, however, his disappointment when the chiefs ordered him to stay, and forbade anyone to render him assistance, believing that his lameness would prevent his getting to the beach. The crowd still hurrying seaward, left Melville in a great measure to himself; so, seizing a spear, he supported himself as he best could, and made for the bay. When he reached the open space that lay between the groves and the sea, he saw an English whale-boat lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms from it. She was manned by five islanders, and a sixth, dressed in European clothes, stood on the shore, negotiating with the Typees. This was Karakoe, a tabooed Kannak, whom Melville had often seen on board the *Dolly* at Nukuheva, and

who was treating for his ransom by offering a musket, some bags of powder, and several pieces of calico. The Typees, however, turned from his offers with disgust, and motioned him from their shores, threatening to pierce him with their spears if he advanced another step. The American sailor now urged the Kannak in an agony of despair ; but he too was seized, and compelled to sit down.

It was clear the Typees were not disposed to part with him :

In despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprang upon my feet, and rushed towards Karakoeë. The rash attempt nearly decided my fate ; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoeë, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavoured to pacify them ; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once and take him into the boat. It was at this agonising moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore. Blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Claspings my hands together I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes ; but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kannak, who had been anxiously watching my movements. The rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf ; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoeë by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way.

The danger, however, was not past. The javelins of the Typees were now hurled after them in showers ; and as the rowers had to pull against a strong headwind, the boat made so

little way that several of the chiefs stripped and, with their tomahawks in their teeth, plunged into the water, in hopes of detaining her.

It was all a trial of strength: our natives pulled till their oars bent again; and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity. By the time we had reached the headland the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives, and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boathook. We were well aware that, if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manœuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas—they would grapple the oars and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy. After a few breathless moments, I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us, and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and, with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boathook at him. It struck him just below the throat and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow; but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance. Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale; but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoe.

In the course of the day he was lifted on board the *Julia*, where, under proper treatment, he speedily recovered the use of his injured limb and became a more steady and enduring seaman. Such was the adventure of Herman Melville among the dreaded inhabitants of the Marquesas. The boat which affected his deliverance belonged to an Australian vessel, which, being in distress of men, had put into Nukuheva to recruit her crew. The captain having been informed by Karakoe, who had gained his

intelligence from Marnoo, that an American sailor was detained in the neighbouring bay of Typee, supplied suitable articles to offer as ransom, and the generous Kannak immediately undertook the adventure which ended so successfully.

A. C. OPIE.

Mountain Heights.

To M. M.

DOWN in the valley grow the crops ;
And yet I tread the mountain-tops.
The wind is hardly felt down there ;
The wind is blowing wildly here.
And yet I keep the mountain-tops.
Below me lie the little towns,
Where flutter merry maidens' gowns.
My heart an answering flutter has.
Yet higher to the clouds I pass,
And lose to sight the little towns.
I feel there must be something good,
The soul and body's blissful food,
Up here in Mary's mountain shrine :
Faint flashes of Christ's Face Divine,
His Manhood and His Womanhood.

Red Wharf, Anglesey.

W. M.

A Tale of the French Revolution.

[DEDICATED TO H. BEERBOHM TREE.]

THE winter of 1835 was unusually severe in France, the snow lasting on the ground in Brittany and Normandy for nearly three months. The coast was strewn with wrecks and even the salt-workers (or *paladiers*) on the downs, between Nantes and Croisic, were thrown out of employment.

On the Christmas Eve of this unfortunate year, the setting sun shed a crimson glow on the snow covering the high pitched roofs and gables of the ancient town of Guerande, and the long line of battlements still surrounding the city, just as they did in the Middle Ages, made the old walls look as if they were wrapped in swan's-down. Outside St. Martin's Gate the scene was strikingly picturesque. The massive architecture of the gate itself stood out in fine relief, dark and sullen, whilst a bright stream of sunlight poured through its opening and rendered the little black squares and sharp points of the portcullis very distinct. A little further to the left could be seen a part of the moat thickly-coated with ice, on which a few urchins were sliding and skating. The snow-covered drawbridge was full of deep ruts, made during the day by the passage of carts and vehicles, which ruts were continued on the high road, in the middle of which a heavy waggon, drawn by big Flemish horses, was jolting towards the town. A windmill with its sails hung with sparkling icicles cast its shadow across the road, whilst three magnificent but leafless trees stood out like quaint spectres

against the cloudless sky which was now fast filling with pink and crimson tints.

Although it was freezing hard the calm atmosphere was not unpleasant ; at least so thought Monseigneur d'Arcourt, Bishop of Syra *in partibus infidelium*, who, together with three priests, was walking on the high road in the direction of the town, and stood aside to allow the cart to pass. The tall and commanding figure of the Prelate was by no means the least striking object in the landscape. His violet robe, escaping from beneath a black furred cloak, touched the snow at his feet. He wore a three-cornered hat with gold cords, and was in the act of presenting his silver snuffbox to one of his companions, observing as he did so, "This is a very romantic scene, is it not, M l'Abbé?"

The Abbé, after taking a pinch of snuff and acknowledging it with a half bow, replied, "that if his brother, Le Gros, the artist, were present, he would undoubtedly make a sketch of it. Guerande is an interesting town, I think, Monseigneur. Has your Grandeur yet seen the curious chapel they have recently discovered behind the Cathedral?"

"Yes, indeed," returned the Bishop, "I visited it this morning after Mass. It is a good specimen of Romanesque architecture. By the way, Abbé Mignon," continued he, addressing himself to a small priest who walked on his left hand, "I saw old Madelon, the recluse you told me about, praying outside its door. I called to her, but she refused to enter ; she held firmly to her strange fancy of never entering church or chapel, and remained without until I had finished my examination of the ruin. As I was about to give her alms, she appeared as if she wanted to speak to me, inducing me almost to believe in the popular report that she is not really dumb ; for words seemed to be forming on her lips, and their utterance to be checked only by a supreme effort. She looked very ill."

"I daresay the severity of the winter has told upon her, and,

to be sure, she must be very aged," replied the Abbé Mignon ; "at least seventy, and has exposed herself to every kind of weather. I suppose, too, on account of the general distress, she gets but very little from the people, and is nearly starving."

"I believe," observed the Abbé Poussin, a cheerful-looking priest, "that if she chooses she can speak as plainly as any woman in the town. She is dumb, either in the spirit of perversity or because silence is a penance she has imposed upon herself ; and it is to my mind a great pity the rest of her sex do not follow her example. The world would be a happier place without their tittle-tattle, would it not, Monseigneur ?"

"True," answered the Bishop, with a smile ; "but what would you do, M. l'Abbé, if all the old ladies held their tongues ?"

The Abbé Poussin turned away his face. He was well known to be about the veriest gossip in the place, the little Abbé Mignon alone excepted ; so this small personage, delighted at the rebuke his superior had received, broke in volubly : "To be sure, she is not dumb. That dear, charitable soul, Mdlle. de Kergolac, assured me she nursed her through an illness some years ago, and that she had frequently overheard her speaking to herself. I, too, remember when the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin caught fire, many years since, Monseigneur, there was a great crowd, and a panic ensued. Madelon was outside, on the step, and was thrown down. I assisted her to rise——."

"And I," interrupted the Abbé Poussin, "lifted her up and got her out of danger ; and as you were going to say, M. l'Abbé Mignon, she cried out distinctly on God to help her."

"Extraordinary woman !" exclaimed the Bishop, who had but recently come to Guerande as coadjutor to the See of Nantes. "She has not been inside a church, they assure me, since she came here. Yet you say she is pious after her fashion, always saying the Rosary, and ever doing acts of charity to those who are poorer than herself. They tell me she receives quite an income from the people going in and out of church."

"Especially on market or festival days," said the Abbé Mignon. "Then, again, she attends all fairs, pilgrimages, and *pardons* in the neighbourhood, and the peasantry hold her in awe. They scarcely know what to make of her. Mdlle. de Kergolac persists in believing her to be a woman of high rank in disguise, and says, what I *cannot* believe, that she must have been, once upon a time, quite good-looking."

"I thought so myself, this morning," returned the Bishop, as the party entered the city. "I thought I could perceive the remains of even beauty. The cast of her features is noble, and her eyes, though wild, are full of expression."

"Her manners, too, are good," said the Abbé Poussin; "she never drops a curtsey as the peasants do, but bows like a duchess."

"Altogether," said the Abbé Le Gros, who was also on a visit from Nantes, "your recluse is a mysterious and interesting person; in fact, one of the lions of the town!"

"Quite so," replied the Abbé Mignon, "quite so. She has been here quite twenty years, and every stranger of note who deigns to visit us invariably asks to see her. You will find her by the Cathedral door all day long. When the cholera raged she did her best for the poor people in the back street, where she lives in an old ruined hovel."

"Worse than a Carmelite's cell."

"Bah! Abbé Poussin, how you talk," said the Abbé Mignon. "How you do talk. A Carmelite's cell is a paradise compared with it. It is dark, damp, dirty, horrible; but there is one consolation about the matter, and that is the poor body only sleeps there at night, and of her own free will."

"I believe, for my part, that she has been a mother and has lost her children," said the Abbé Mignon presently. "She has such a strange love for the little ones. I have seen her beckon a child to her, fondle it, look into its face adoringly, and, when it has broken from her embrace and run off gaily across the

square, follow it with her eyes, and watch it with an indescribable expression of love and grief, such as I have never seen on any other face."

"Perhaps it is the loss of her children which has affected her," said the Bishop, after a short silence. He involuntarily recalled the fact that he himself, when an infant, had been torn from his mother's arms; and he had often wondered how she had mourned her loss.

By this time the ecclesiastics had reached the Cathedral. It was now nearly dark, and the lights from the shops streamed across the snow piled up in the square facing the church. As they passed the principal door, which the sacristan was closing for the night, the recluse herself descended the steps, and, to the surprise of all, suddenly knelt before the Bishop and presented him with a little scrap of paper.

This recluse was a singular-looking person. As she knelt at the foot of the Prelate, the ample but tattered cloak that usually enveloped her gaunt form fell to the ground and disclosed her figure, which was frightfully emaciated. Her long, perfectly white hair was loose, and hung in tangled locks round her face. Deep lines, such as only mental and physical suffering combined can produce, had furrowed her sunken cheeks and hideously wrinkled an otherwise noble brow. Her eyes, dimmed by years and by frequent weeping, were large and exceedingly expressive. Hers was the face of one who is perpetually haunted.

The Bishop took the paper from the woman and read it. It was brief, and written in pencil on the margin of an old newspaper :

Monseigneur,—I know death to be upon me. Before I die I wish to confess to you. Will your Grandeur, in your great charity, permit me to come to you to-night at any hour you may think fit? I am not dumb.

Your humble penitent,

MADELON.

Monseigneur d'Arcourt read this singular epistle two or three times over, tore it into fragments, and then bending down, raised the recluse and whispered to her : " At any hour after half-past seven you shall be admitted."

The Bishop's residence at Guerande was not an extensive edifice, although ancient and of some architectural importance, having formerly been the Prior's lodge of an Abbey of Benedictines. About eight o'clock on this memorable night the Bishop was seated at his work-table in his saloon, busy with his herbarium. The chamber was large and lofty. Four big tapestry pictures of the fourteenth century, representing events in the childhood of Christ—His birth, flight into Egypt, education, and His preaching in the Temple—covered the walls. These were considerably faded, and framed in oak. Several oaken chests, containing Monseigneur's botanical specimens, were arranged at intervals round the room, and on their polished drawers as well as on the tapestry, the flicker of a bright wood fire played cheerfully.

In the centre of the Bishop's table stood a brass lamp, which shed its strong light on an ivory crucifix, hanging directly over a richly carved confessional. Above this crucifix was the likeness of a gentleman in the powdered wig of Louis XVI.'s reign. It was easy to see at a glance that the Prelate bore a striking resemblance to the portrait. The features were almost identical, but fortunately the expressions totally differed. The man in the picture had a forbidding face, whereas the Bishop, although austere, was evidently amiable. The aspect of the apartment and its occupant was peaceful and serene. A religious calm pervaded it, but the storm was coming fast. Outside, in the snow, the recluse was approaching.

" Jean," said Monseigneur to his aged valet, " tell the porter that if the old recluse, Madelon, comes here before nine o'clock, he is to admit her ; and see, Jean, that she is conducted to me

with all civility. Jean! I will thank you also to give me that volume of my herbarium which I was using last night."

The Bishop prepared himself for a pleasant evening's study, and as he bends over his specimens let us devote a few moments to the study of his countenance and character. Monseigneur d'Arcourt was a tall man, of a nervous and meagre figure. His face was long and pear-shaped, riddled by a number of tiny wrinkles, especially so round the eyes and mouth: these were not, however, the result of age, for he was barely fifty years old. Lavater would have told you that they indicated certain habits of thought, and, being very small and numerous, expressed the habitual suppression of all strong passions, a fastidious attention to detail, and a love of minute study. His complexion was clear and rather ruddy. His eyes were brilliant and fine, and when he was preaching on subjects which interested him more than usual the lower order of people at Guerande declared he looked "for all the world like the mad recluse, Madelon." His mouth, like that of the man in the portrait, was defective; for whereas the upper lip was too thin, the under one was slightly pursed up, thick, and in colour a light red, almost vermilion. It indicated a naturally sensuous disposition, but its firm expression told how this had been subdued by conscientious resolution.

The past history of the Bishop had been uneventful. Born near Poitiers in 1792, and of a noble family, he lost his parents under tragic circumstances when a mere infant. They fell victims to the fury of the Reign of Terror. He himself was torn from the arms of a half crazy nurse, who, in a moment of frenzy, had denounced the hiding-place of her masters and delivered them over to the tender mercies of Marat. After the Revolution he was rescued by an uncle, the Marquis d'Arcourt, who educated him, and left him his small fortune on condition that he assumed his name and title, a permit for which was easily obtained from

the Government of Napoleon I. He entered the Seminary of Poitiers in 1806, and in 1812 was consecrated priest. He soon became distinguished as a preacher, and at the early age of thirty was nominated by the Pope to the See of Syra *in partibus infidelium*. Within the past few months he had been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Nantes, and had taken up his official residence at Guerande, in the western part of the great Breton diocese.

Towards half-past eight Madelon was introduced into the room.

"You wish to confide in me," said Monseigneur, rather indifferently, lifting his head from his books. "Be seated, I shall be ready in a few moments."

The woman stood motionless by the door waiting like an abstracted Fate.

"*Opheys aranifera*," murmured the Bishop to himself, "I had better put that in this volume. Ah! I see a *Neottia grandiflora*; what a fine specimen!" and he placed the orchid thus named on a page of the herbarium by itself, carefully pinning it down to a sheet of blotting paper. Then he went on for several minutes arranging the various specimens of his dried plants.

At last he rose, moved his table on one side, closed his books, quietly put away his papers, stirred the fire, and placed a low stool by the side of his chair, under the ivory crucifix. Then he approached the woman, and said in a gentle tone: "Proceed, I pray, I am quite ready."

The recluse obeyed, and as she did so threw aside her old cloak. Monseigneur observed with some astonishment that his penitent no longer wore her usual forlorn rags, but a long robe of decent black stuff, the best she had, and a present from the pious Mdlle. de Kergolac. Her white hair was concealed by a thick veil. "Kneel, my daughter," said the Bishop, pointing to the stool. She obeyed.

"It is over forty years since I went to Confession, Father," she said. "I am a woman deeply, hopelessly steeped in crime."

"Not hopelessly, my daughter. The worst sinners are commanded to hope."

"Would that I dared hope! I was once what is called a woman of the world, of fashion. I was born at Guemenée——"

"Stay," interrupted the Bishop, "I pray you mention no names. You are nobly born?"

"I am," she replied with a faint echo of pride in the tone.

"Proceed. Do not be afraid."

This interruption had the excellent effect of checking for a time the hysterical manner in which she had begun her narrative, and she now spoke more calmly, and, indeed, almost dreamily, as if the looking back into the remote past of her life soothed her.

"I think," she proceeded, "I must have been badly brought up. As a little child I was very pretty, and was much petted and spoilt. But as years passed on I was somewhat neglected, until I grew to be quite a young lady, and then my parents became vain of my beauty. Ah! I was once very beautiful." She paused again, and a sad smile flitted over her features. Then after a few seconds she resumed: "My father was anxious that I should be well married, and I was early introduced into society, for my mother's *salon* was one of the most celebrated in Paris. I have often seen there Diderot, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais, and all the courtiers and wits of the day. I was witty enough and quick at repartee, and was soon allowed to join them at their *petits soupers*. The conversation was brilliant, but everything was turned into ridicule. Religion was scoffed at, and virtue was called hypocrisy. We went to Mass on Sunday morning, because it was the fashion, and in the evening made game of it all, and laughed over the Gospel and the sermons. I had sharp ears and a keen observation. Soon that seed was sown which has returned me so bitter a

harvest of woe. Thus passed my youth until I was nearly twenty-two, when a young gentleman was presented to me by my father, whose fair appearance and graceful manners captivated my fancy. On my twenty-second birthday we were married. I loved that man, and for all his base wickedness I love him still. And yet I murdered him."

From this moment the recluse, who had been more than usually subdued in her manner, became once more exceedingly excited, and sometimes her voice was so thick with ill-repressed emotion that she was barely intelligible. Monseigneur d'Arcourt had hitherto listened with the non-personal and, if I may so describe it, the simply professional interest with which priests are wont to hear the secret revelations of their penitents, and which resembles that which doctors experience when attending to the description their patients give them of their infirmities. But as the recluse proceeded he became absorbed in her story.

"A murderess!"

"He drove me to it. He had won my heart only to trample on it. Remember, I had been systematically taught to despise my God, and so, needing some object of worship, I adored my false husband. At first, my idolatry flattered his vanity; but he was selfish, corrupt, and cruel, and soon wearied of me. We were living in dangerous times, when even to be connected with the aristocracy was a peril. We believed ourselves safe enough in our chateau, down in Poitou; but in Paris, the King and Queen were already prisoners. The Reign of Terror had begun. My husband now threw aside his mask and showed me his true nature. He grew indifferent, even brutal. One day I said or did something at the dinner table which offended him. He rebuked me severely in the presence of the servants. I was mortified into silence, but when we were alone I answered him back. He rose, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said,

in hissing tones, 'Magdalene, understand me once and for ever. You were sold to me by your parents for my title, and I paid my debts with your dower. I hate you, and I always have hated you.' With this he left me. When I recovered my surprise, I rushed to him, and kneeling before him, with streaming eyes implored him to forgive me. He spurned me as if I had been a brute beast, and reeled past me. He was drunk! After this I saw him no more for many weeks. One night he returned home very late, and stood suddenly at the foot of my bed. 'Get up,' he cried, 'and dress yourself quickly.' I obeyed. He then told me that before morning we should have to fly for our lives, as the Revolutionary Tribunal at Poitiers had decreed the destruction of our chateau, and had proscribed us. We disguised ourselves as peasants. He took with us all my jewels and as much plate as he could. When we reached Paris he hired rooms in the Quartier St. Antoine, and so complete was his disguise, and so well did he enact the part of a man of the people, that none suspected who we were. I was never allowed on any pretext whatever to leave the house. You wonder, perhaps, why he did not let me remain behind in the country to perish? He wanted the heir I was to give him. Soon after the birth of my baby, and even before I recovered, he and a companion proceeded to kill me by inches, by jealousy. As there is a Judge in Heaven, I declare to you never was woman more foully dealt with. I grew so mad, miserable, hopeless. How I prayed, and prayed, and prayed to Him, and yet He heard me not! I only asked for my husband's love which belonged to me, and when I craved for it I was jeered at. So in my great bitterness I swore I would sell my soul into everlasting bondage if it would but help me with its infernal powers to ruin my rival and avenge myself; and Satan heard me."

Here the recluse paused. Her agitation was extreme, and, extraordinary to relate, as she described the manner in which

she had sold her soul into perdition a strong convulsion seized her, and she fell prone to the ground as if struck by lightning. The Bishop rose in consternation, and was about to summon aid, when the woman lifted her head and pointed eagerly with her trembling fingers to a small crucifix which hung at the end of his Rosary. He understood her, and touched her with it. She was instantly soothed, as if the sacred symbol possessed healing powers.

"I killed them!" she cried.

"You murdered them?" said the horrified Bishop.

"I did not stain my hands in their blood. I betrayed their whereabouts. You see they drove me desperate. She was the worst of the two—ever the worst. He would have been true but for her. She was so false, so cunning, that even now when I see a fair-haired woman pass me in the street I shudder. Nature could not endure it. She, sly witch as she was, knew only too well how to make my wounds smart, and how to sting me with the venom of her adder tongue. How I hated her!"

So agitated was the woman that in her excitement she seemed to see, in the disordered state of her wits, the accursed object of her hatred standing visibly before her.

"Peace!" cried the Bishop; "you are not here to curse, but to confess."

"True, true, I forgot. She is not here, is she?" she cried, looking wildly round the chamber. "No, no! Of course not. You'll not let her harm me? You've got your crucifix. I know all about it now. Why, how foolish I am. You must forgive my want of manners. I'm sometimes a little strange. They drove me mad between them long, long ago. You'll excuse a poor old woman, will you not?"

"Yes, yes," said the Bishop, soothingly, "none can harm you here, beneath the big crucifix. Look up at it, and keep your eyes fixed on the figure of Our Redeemer. And now proceed.

But first tell me what induced you to abandon church and to pretend to be dumb?"

"You see, I got frightened for my soul. I had sold it to hell, and I was afraid. When I was a girl I had read about the Saints in the desert and the great penitents. I read the 'Acta Sanctorum' at home in three big volumes. Well, I too silenced my tongue and became dumb. I too tore up my garments and did penance for my crimes. I sit all day long praying on the church steps; but I dare not go inside. I am not fit to go near the altar. But I had a sign last night. I dreamed a dream in which I saw my little child—just as he looked when they stole him from me. He was all in a glorious light, and told me in the most sweet way to go to you and to confess my sins to you, and promised that if I did I should be forgiven, and sleep in peace. Whilst he was speaking I saw his face change, and, as I am a living, sinful woman, he looked for the world as you look now."

"I understand you. You hoped by your austerities to win the pardon of Heaven," said the Bishop, in a firm and rather cold voice, determined to stay, if possible, the poor creature's garrulity.

"Oh, my God! what a wasted, bitter life mine has been!" she cried, whilst the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Think of it! A girlhood of untenderness, a married life of hatred, a womanhood of crime, and a widowhood of childless misery and silence. How often, oh! how often have I wished, as I have sat by the threshold of your old church, in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, that I could have died and never awakened, even in Heaven. How often, oh! how very often, have I seen the bodies of the young, and of those to whom life was a joy and a pleasure, carried past me in their coffins, and wondered why Death overlooked me, who was dying of the sheer longing to die. Ah! my heart and I have been weary, most weary, and yet we have

lived on and on. Think you that I can be pardoned, and that I shall see my child again? Tell me! tell me! shall I be forgiven?"

It would be impossible to describe the pathetic manner in which she mentioned her child. The gentlest tears stood in her eyes, the fierce looks left her, and her voice was low and sweet. The Bishop, notwithstanding that he addressed her somewhat sternly, was visibly affected. "With the grace of God you will."

"Our circumstances," she continued, "the strange times in which we lived, the danger we ran of being detected, seized, and guillotined, condemned me to live with them. They watched me so closely that I was never able to get outside the door, and they treated me so wickedly that at last they drove me desperate. I could endure it no longer. He told me I was no more his wife; that the times had changed, and that religious marriages counted for nothing. He had married her according to the laws of the day. She heard him tell me this, and laughed and laughed again. My heart turned to stone. Hell and devils inspired me with an awful vengeance. I had heard them only the night before saying that if any denounced the whereabouts of a noble family in hiding to the Triumvirate, they would be recompensed, and the family destroyed like vermin. With my child in my arms, I stole out of the house. It was night. I passed it by pacing up and down the streets. In the morning by chance I met a woman, a *tricoteuse*, and spoke to her. She told me she had just spied out a family of Royalists, and was going to inform Marat concerning them. I said I would go with her. We walked in silence. At last we ascended a narrow staircase, and were ushered into the apartments of the Triumvir. He was in his bath, but concealed by a long red curtain. My miserable companion gave her information and in return received money. She went downstairs, telling me she

would wait for me below. There were four or five men in the room, one of whom was writing. 'And you, citoyenne, what do you want?' Marat said to me, thrusting his villainous head out of the curtain; 'what do you want?' I summoned all my resolution and answered firmly: 'I can tell you where lives a certain Marquis and his wife you have been seeking a long while.' 'Write down the address, my brave woman, in that book; or rather tell the Citizen Simon to write it for you.' I obeyed. 'There is a florin for you.' I took it. I was about to go downstairs, when he called me back. 'Who are you?' he asked. I answered: 'A nurse.' 'And t child; whose is it?' What fiend possessed me I know not, but, fool that I was, I told him that it was *his*. 'Give it here, citoyenne. We will have it educated with the nice little Dauphin, who needs a nice little Marquis like that for a companion.' I refused. They seized me, threw me down, and tearing the child from my arms thrust me out of the house. The *tricoteuse* awaited me. She told me the child would not be hurt, and pacified me. It had a deep red mark on the wrist of the right arm, whereby I could easily recognise it in the future."

The Bishop started and moved uneasily in his chair. The recluse looked at him very hard and paused suddenly. After a little the Bishop told her to keep her eyes fixed on the crucifix. "It will calm you. Continue." The woman obeyed.

"The *tricoteuse* told me she would soon find out where my little son was taken to, and bring it back to me. She then invited me to her house. I sometimes think I must have told her, in my despair, the whole truth. A fixed idea now took possession of me. I soon forgot even my child. I would see *them die*. Day by day the *tricoteuse* and I took up our stations at the foot of the guillotine. I saw scores of victims brought there like cattle to the slaughter-house. But it was, I thought, long before they came. At last I saw *him* ascend the scaffold.

My heart stood still. My eyes alone retained their power. I saw him kneel. I saw him thrust his head into the loop. His eyes met mine and have haunted me, day and night, ever since. *She* came next. She was calm and white as marble. I saw her look round and fix her gaze upon me. She spoke. 'Look, all of you,' she said, pointing to where I stood ; 'yonder woman is the true Marquise !' I saw no more. The *tricoteuse* took me home. For weeks I was like one dead. Then I lost my wits entirely, and was shut up for years in a madhouse. In due time I recovered, and you know how my life has been spent since. Can you grant such an absolution of the Church ? Can you save me from perdition ? "

"Pray with me, most unhappy and guilty woman. Look upon the figure of Our Saviour on the Cross. See how its arms are stretched wide open to receive all sinners."

The recluse, who had been endeavouring to fix her attention on the sacred Form, now perceived for the first time the portrait hanging above it. A bright flame from the fire illuminated it most distinctly. Had a horrible spectre from the other world suddenly risen before her she could not have been more terrified. She sprang up from her knees, quivering from fright, as if she had seen the ghost of one of her victims.

The Bishop, pale and trembling, who was beginning to dread some still worse disclosure, watched her fixedly as does a bird when fascinated by a snake.

The woman's face was terrific. Her eyes started from their sockets. Her face was ghastly ; her hair loose, and her skeleton fingers pointed with palsied motion to the fatal picture. "Whose picture—whose picture is that ?" she cried, in a hoarse voice. The Bishop's answer was scarcely audible.

"My father's—the Marquis de Villeroy."

"Then you—it cannot be." And throwing herself wildly upon him, and before he could resist her, she tore open the sleeve con-

cealing his right arm. "Yes—there, there, there is the mark!" And with a wild cry which rang re-echoing throughout the old palace, she fell in a heap at her son's feet.

Monseigneur leaned back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. The blow unmanned him. He had known little or nothing of the past history of his parents, except that they perished heroically on the scaffold. To him, therefore, they had been martyrs worthy of all reverence, all love. He had prayed for them and wept their fate. His guardian had never told him much about his father, and he loved to fancy him the pattern of every manly virtue. As to his mother, even when a little child he had cherished her memory. He was too young to remember much concerning the years of ill-treatment to which he was subjected by the people to whom Marat gave him. They, knowing who he was, after the fall of Robespierre revealed his whereabouts to the childless Marquis d'Arcourt, and, in consideration of a handsome sum of money, allowed that gentleman to take him. He, as already said, adopted and educated him. And now in the peaceful afternoon of his life his dreams were shattered by the wretched woman at his feet. He could not doubt that she was really his mother.

There came a loud knock at the door. With tottering steps he went to see what was wanted.

"We heard a cry," said his servants, who were gathered together in the corridor.

"Did you? There is nothing the matter here," was the quiet reply. They went away again.

The incident served its purpose. It called Monseigneur to his sense of duty, and acted upon him as a kind of tonic. When he returned to the centre of the room, and was about to reseal himself and await events, the recluse rose and came towards him. Her face was transfigured. Her eyes shone with a softer light than had yet been seen in them.

"And so you are my son?" she said, in a sweet, low tone, as she endeavoured to rest her hand on his arm. He drew away from her. She did not notice the movement, but continued: "I did not think I should ever see you grown up as you are now. I have always thought of you like the little Child Jesus they put on the altars at Christmas. It seems strange, does it not, that I should be so old and white-haired, and you too turning grey, and that I should call you son now for the first time in many years? You'll not turn me away, will you, my dear? Let me hold your hand, and rest my poor aching head on your breast. No! why not? Ah! ah! ah! I recollect it all now. I'm a murderess. Of course I am. Yes, my hands are stained with blood, with his blood." She rushed from him, and, facing the picture, shook her hands at it. "With his blood. The last time I saw him alive he had his head in the loop of the guillotine. I put it there. I put it there." Then she fell on her knees and began to moan piteously, and to talk to herself about her handsome husband, her "*bel Antoine*." The scene was almost unendurable. The Bishop scarce knew what was best to be done.

At last, after a short prayer for Divine assistance, he went up to her, raised her in his arms, and whispered in her ear the sacred word—"Mother!"

On hearing it she shivered all over. She laid her head upon his breast, and he wound his arm round her and drew her to a chair. This act soothed her immediately. She seemed almost as if trying to sleep.

How long this supreme embrace lasted Monseigneur never remembered. It must have been nearly the whole night, for when they again moved the lamp had flickered out, the fire had turned to ashes, and the first pale rays of morning were streaming into the apartment.

"Mother," said the Bishop at last, "shall we pray? It is almost time to part."

She knelt with him, and they repeated together many solemn and touching prayers. Then he stood up. She remained kneeling at his feet.

The recluse, still kneeling, neither wept nor moaned as she received absolution. An expression of infinite peace overspread her face. She simply asked, in a preternaturally tranquil manner, "Can I receive Holy Communion, Monseigneur?"

"You can. Go into my oratory. In an hour I shall say Mass." He rang his bell, and his valet came to him. The faithful fellow, well aware that something unusual had happened, had not gone to bed, but had spent the night watching, and was vastly relieved when he saw his master, safe and apparently well, appear at the door.

"Jean, attend this lady to my chapel. She has passed the night in prayer with me."

The recluse followed the valet.

When she was gone the Bishop gave way to his sorrow; and throwing himself upon the ground, where she had knelt and confessed to him her awful crime, he sobbed like a child. Let not our curiosity venture to lift the veil of silence which concealed his bitter anguish, nor yet gaze into the chapel where his mother vainly endeavoured to guide her trembling lips to pray whilst the shadow of death gathered round her.

There were present at the Bishop's first Mass that morning only his valet and the unhappy Marquise de Villeroy.

"Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world." With indescribable pathos, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, Monseigneur pronounced these holy and hopeful words as he passed the Host between his mother's lips.

The recluse's face was marvellously altered when she stood at last under the Gothic gate of the Bishop's palace. The rays of the rising sun fell directly upon her wasted figure. She seemed so full of hope and peace as to have regained something of youth,

or, rather, looked she not like one who was already not of this world? Alone she passed out into the silent street and sought her cell. Alone she died. Wondering why she came not to the church door as usual, they sought her; but Faith, and Charity, and Hope at last had led her to the foot of the Throne Eternal.

RICHARD DAVEY.

Clover.

BY clover fields on windward cliffs
 I slept, and felt the trade winds blow,
 And saw the wonder-freighted ships
 To the white islands come and go :
 In gruesome-prow'd surf-riding skiffs
 Stood swarthy maids, with savage grace,
 And elfin light, of eyes and lips,
 Flash'd dawn in many a dusky face.

A mystery of fragrance came,
 Across the surf which raged and gleam'd,
 From tropic centres, terror-hid,
 Where heart of summer slept and dream'd.
 What liliated snow ? what rose of flame ?
 What balm, or gum, some rare trees' blood ?
 I knew not whence the fragrance slid,
 Nor dream of summer understood.

By costly marge of Indian seas,
 Stole seawards, o'er dead worlds of sand
 A fragrance like the breath of life
 Since Eden lock'd in Fairyland.
 Strange tones of odour on the breeze
 Made silent music to the sense,
 Creating thoughts, with splendour rife
 Of gorgeous truth or fine pretence.

What cinnamon? or sandal-wood?
Or what death-favour'd tree of balm—
Awe-scented in the seldom whiffs
Between monsoon and breathless calm—
Stirr'd impulses half-understood?
Strange scents brought scents well known to me:
By clover fields on windward cliffs
I woke at Dreambourne-on-the-sea.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

*Together.**(Concluded from p. 212.)*

PHILIP MEADE'S half-formed intention of seeing the town of Chapelnaze, and so spending the time until the departure of the seven o'clock train, at which, and not at the earlier one, he had arranged to be met, was frustrated by the definite nature of the rain, which made the extension of his visit undesirable. He had not at the time been aware of the existence of the billiard-room at the Beach Hotel ; but as he came up to it he saw Oakes standing alone on the steps, obviously looking out for companionship.

"Lethbridge has got a lift home," he explained, "and Atherston made a bolt of it. Come in and try the table."

Meade furled his umbrella, ascended the steps, and followed him into the room. They began to play, but the game (an uneven one) was checked by the increasing darkness of the sky. Both then went to the nearest window to look at the weather, and consult about continuing under new conditions. Whilst they stood there the crash of thunder that had first startled Harman shook the house, and was followed by the second that had dislodged the pinnacle from the pavilion roof. They exclaimed at its strength, and then stood silent listening for more, but only heard a sound that puzzled them—the sound of the tide breaking through the sea-wall and rushing into the channel formed for it by the low ground between town and camp, that was occupied partly by the cricket enclosure and partly by vegetable gardens, along whose edge ran some ill-built lanes of cottages.

The game was given up by mutual consent, and the rain now

falling straight though steadily, Meade and Oakes agreed to face it and to make their way to the station, which, like the hotel, occupied the edge of the higher ground, to see what had taken place. What it was grew plain to them as they hurried on together, with some dozen of Chapelnaze inhabitants who had stronger reasons for learning the extent of the catastrophe. From the embankment a good idea of it could be gained, and there Meade and Oakes stood under shelter, asking questions, weighing replies, and feeling that enlivening interest in a tragedy that those outside of its effects enjoy. For a time the danger to the pavilion escaped their perception, and it was not until the train was nearly due to start that Meade's rosy face suddenly lost half its colour, and he uttered the single word "Harman!"

Oakes turned and looked at him, and then he too showed some slight anxiety, as he exclaimed: "He went back to the pavilion; so he did!"

"When, where from?" asked Meade; and Oakes told him how his last sight of Charles had been in the ground-keeper's lodge, and how he had said he should remain until the time of the later train.

Meade's cheery face lost the rest of its brightness. He sat down to reflect in the empty booking office, and to consider what Oakes's testimony suggested. As he sat, a telegram was handed to him with a question concerning its address—"Vyner, Chapelnaze Station," he read, and called Oakes to consult as to its meaning.

"There's no Miss Vyner here," said Oakes. "I have seen everyone who has got into this train, and the Markhams left by the 5.50."

"Of course not, its some mistake," Meade said vaguely; he could not have told why the name alarmed him.

"Come," Oakes added, "time's up;" and he stepped out on to the platform.

Meade followed him slowly. "I can't go," he said, "in this uncertainty ; " I've a notion Harman's still in the pavilion, and, Oakes, no one would telegraph to Miss Vyner here without reason."

"The pavilion's all right," said Oakes ; "you can see it from the end of the platform." Then he too paused, for if he was a slow thinker, he was a kind-hearted man. "Let's leave word," he said ; "we must be off."

"Whom can one send, and where can one send to?" asked Meade, with a touch of sarcasm.

"A boat's the thing."

"The thing for what?"

"Meade, you'll miss your train."

Meade turned to a porter. "Has any sign been made from the pavilion," he asked. "Do you suppose anyone's there?"

"Lor' no, Sir!" the man answered. "No one could be in the pavilion. Smith went by home an hour or more ago, before the flood ; I saw him myself. Why the water's ten feet high in the rooms. Are you going on, gents?"

"I shall stay," Meade said quickly. "I suppose I can wire to Cobley from the station?"

"Last train out," warned the porter.

"I can't help it," Meade returned obstinately ; "I stop."

"Well, if you stop, I do," said Oakes half-angrily, "and blooming fools we shall both look an hour hence when we hear Harman left, as we probably shall, by the 5.50."

Meade was vexed too. He would far rather Oakes had gone and left him to the derision he expected to earn. It was rather a stubborn dislike to leave a thing uncertain than any expectation of finding Harman in difficulty and rescuing him that had determined his resolve. He returned to the booking-office, where Oakes joined him, and they talked over the situation in a long and somewhat argumentative conversation. What it resulted in was a return to the hotel, where they ordered beds and their

dinner, and began to make inquiries as to any possible communication with the isolated pavilion. This seemed to be a stop. The fishing village half-submerged was still unaided from without, all the boats, moored near that portion of the wall where the tide had broken the defences, being far out from shore, and the formation of rafts being a matter of time. The people, islanded upon roofs and walls, had resigned themselves to waiting the fall of the tide, which would take place before boats brought round the spit from the nearest fishing village could reach Chapelnaze. No one believed in the occupation of the pavilion, nor in the necessity of disproving it.

Dinner was brought, and the two companions sat down to it in an obstinate frame of mind that promised ill for companionship. Meade had pocketed the Vyner telegram, and still fingered it questioningly, wondering if its infraction would give the key to his puzzle. They were interrupted by the arrival of a second. A telegram, addressed to Harman, at the station, had been received there, and the station-master had sent it down to the members of his club, who were known to be looking out for news of him. After a short debate Meade had decided to open it, a liberty he took unwillingly under pressure of his growing anxiety. He and Charles had been friends from school days, and the trouble he experienced was of the nature of presentiment. The contents of the paper increased its strength, for it only contained these words, signed by Markham, who had handed it in at Cobley a few minutes after the arrival there of the last train from Chapelnaze :

"Dora not arrived. No wire. Am anxious, owing to news of flood just come. Is she safe? I wait reply."

The meaning of the message was clear. How to reply to Markham was less plain.

"They are together."

"Impossible."

"She must have gone and been carried on."

"Impossible again ; all change at Cobley."

"You must reply."

"How to convey hope ? Markham will be coming down."

"Let him come."

"No, best stop him " ; and then there was another discussion.

It ended by Meade's accepting the responsibility of a vague reply. "Flood falling. Hope to communicate Harman and Miss Vyner shortly. Will wire Stoke." Stoke was Cecil Markham's home. Meade signed with his own name, and hoped by the carefully worded message to relieve Markham's evident anxiety, and to keep him from coming down until he had more information to go upon. Meade had confidence he could carry through the search, for search it had become, as well as Cecil ; and now that he felt justified in embarking on it, he wished to avoid interference from the authority that Markham, as Dora's host, might claim. Meanwhile, however resolved he might seem, he was really anxious as to its result. It began to be evident that both Miss Vyner and Harman were in Chapelnaze, why or how the one, and why both together, did not appear ; and, further, that both were at best in a position of difficulty, presumably in one of actual danger. He swallowed the bitter beer before him, and, leaving the rest of his dinner, hastened back to the station. Oakes followed him after an interval, preferring a bad dinner to none, and considering that time spent in thought need not be entirely wasted. Fortunately there would be a moon, he added to himself, and that would bear waiting for.

He found Meade on the station platform—which he had gained by bribery, for the last train was in and the entrances and exits closed—looking across at the upper half of the pavilion through the narrow loophole between the buildings. He had been along the line, he said, and down to the hedge that topped the steep embankment, but his nearest view was obtainable from where he stood, and, as he thought, it was his best position for

attracting the attention of anyone within the building. He had seen one of the coastguard, and had learned that though the officer of the station was away, it would be possible, if he could show it to be necessary, to get the use of tackle for establishing communications with the isolated pavilion; but all responsibility was declined unless the presence of living beings in the building could be certified. A man was waiting to carry the message of demand, and Meade had provided himself with the means of attracting attention by fire, if, as he believed, Harman and Miss Vyner were there and in actual danger. His efforts, however, were limited by the responsibility that the station-master refused to undertake, of allowing either a fire to be lighted on the station premises, or the use of anything more inflammatory by way of torch than the heated coke of an iron brazier, which he required to be placed upon a gravelled foundation, either that of the permanent way beyond the platform, or on the space between the platform and the aperture through which Meade was observing the pavilion. Meade chose the latter, and now stood behind it with a binocular focussed on to the dark outline of his objection, trying to trace some result of his labours. He was alone when Meade joined him, waiting with anxiety for the rising of the moon, and trying to penetrate the darkness to increase the premises upon which he was to act. The solid masonry of the embankment had formed a barrier to the flood as it swept across the low ground from the sea-wall, and though the water had risen half-way up its height, it had been broken by it and diverted along its line, which it followed for miles over the slight depression that separated it from the elevated ground of the camp; further on it was barred by a spit of land that ran at right angles to the railway, ending to the eastward in a narrow promontory, and westward forcing a spur which the line crossed at its natural level. The effect of the local conformation was to give to the flooded space the shape of the tube of a thermometer of which the bulb was represented by the cricket and garden

grounds. Under the influence of a gentle breeze and in the half light of the rising moon the inundation looked weirdly troubled. In front of Meade as he stood, the quickset hedge that crowned the embankment hid the lip of the water; but he knew how steep the hidden slope was along the length of the station enclosure, although it only showed five or six feet above the level of the flood. Opposite to him this formed a strait of about sixty yards in width between the hedge and the tottering wall of the private ground. The restless motion of the water had broken its height in many places, but here and there the coping still showed sound and intact. Beyond it the upper storey of the pavilion looked square in the dim light, its back towards the station black in the shadow cast by the glimmer in the east. As Oakes joined Meade a distant clock struck nine. To both the sound came as a surprise.

"I could have sworn," Oakes suddenly exclaimed, "that I saw a light from the pavilion."

"There is a window, I know," Meade returned eagerly; "but I can see no break in the blackness of the wall. Is it likely you could see? Is your sight better than most men's?"

"Meade, once again, is it likely anyone should be there? There are fifty ways to account for Harman's absence."

"Name one," answered Meade doggedly.

And then they watched again. Time passed on. The night was not really cold, despite the thunderstorm, although in the water-logged pavilion the atmosphere was chilly enough to cause discomfort. Still, on the embankment the air was fresh as well as moist, and the watching was sufficiently tedious. An hour had gone by. Meade replenished his fire, communicated with his messenger, answered questions sent from the station-master, and through all Oakes stood by in dogged and hardly amiable sympathy. By ten o'clock the moon had lighted the water and cast a shining gleam upon the roof of the pavilion; its western face still remained in deep shadow. It was shortly

after that, and not until the waiting messenger had sunk into a deep sleep in the office which the station-master had left open for the use of the relief party, that Meade was convinced that he had seen what Oakes had again pointed out—the glimmer of a faint light in the staircase window of the pavilion. He roused his messenger, and after a delay caused by writing his communication, directing it, and impressing upon the man the importance of its being delivered to the right person, Meade returned to his old post, prepared to wait more patiently for definite assistance in a definite cause.

Dora Vyner had grown very tired. It was eleven o'clock and the moon shining over the shoulder of the pavilion slanted into the window by which she sat and caught her face as it leaned against the panel of the frame, waking her from a doze. She uttered an exclamation, for her dream had carried her far from Chapelnaze, though not away from the discomfort under which she had lost full consciousness. Her cry brought Harman from the outer room, where he had been pacing restlessly up and down, his walk reaching from the head of the staircase on to which the door opened, past the glass doors that had not been closed since the wind had forced them open, and out to the edge of the balcony. At each end he faced the only possible channels by which communication from the outer world could reach him, and his brain conjecturing busily, though disconnectedly, had advanced no further towards the definition of a scheme of escape than at the commencement of his exercise. Dora's cry checked the current of his thoughts. He hastened towards the waiting-room, but as he did so he stopped with a sudden sense of fear, for it seemed to him the floor he stood on moved. His impulse carried him back to the head of the stairs, and as he crossed the few intervening feet he stumbled on the uneven surface. Thoroughly alarmed, Charles crept down the steps that led down to the water in the hall, and peered into the darkness

below him. The shaft of moonlight that had crept to Dora's face shone equally into the lower storey and showed a queer distortion in the perpendicular of a cast-iron pillar that supported the ceiling at its northern end. Charles hastened up again, across the uneven floor, and on to the firmer foothold of the ladies' room. Dora rose to meet him as he stepped into the moonlight.

"You are cold," he said tenderly, looking at her pale face.

"Only a little," she answered. "Is it nearly morning?"

"Not quite," he said with a smile. "Can you swim, Miss Vyner?"

She looked at him in surprise. "No," she answered in a puzzled tone.

"You could not keep yourself afloat I mean, if we had to take to the water?"

"I know nothing about it, I am afraid. But why do you ask?"

"Because I'm no swimmer myself to speak of, and we must think of it in case——"

"Ah!" Dora cried sharply, and caught at the window frame with a sudden movement—the floor had sunk to a slant beneath her feet.

Charles put out his hand and drew her quickly out of the room and on to the balcony. There he paused and said, with less than his usual consideration of manner, "Now you know why I asked you; the house is sinking."

His tone was almost rough, with the roughness of emotion.

Dora did not misunderstand it. She slipped her hand through his arm and spoke composedly.

"Do you mean we must go down with it, together?"

She was unaware of the pathetic effect of the last word.

"I mean I can't save you," Harman answered. "Look at the water, its depth and distance. We can try, we must try; but it is a forlorn hope. The difficulty is the moment to leave. If

the building settles I suppose there will be a down-draught. And there is nothing to lower you by. I daren't drop you over. If I threw you a chair, how am I to know you would rise within reach of one; the benches are fixed to the floor; there looks to me to be a bit of a current round that corner."

"Let us wait," Dora said. "Death is no harder to meet standing still than struggling against him." She crossed herself as she spoke.

"One has no right to throw away a chance," returned Charles following her example. "We must jump together;" and then he explained what his inexperience could suggest as their best mode of action.

Dora heard him in silence, and at the end answered him only by a sign of assent. "Tell me when," she said presently. Then they stood together watching the play of the moonlight upon the ripples.

There was another subsidence. They found themselves now almost on a level with the flood, and the light iron railing in front of them slid slowly into the water, detached, together with the row of flagstones to which it was cemented, by the jar that had accompanied the shock, and that nearly shook Charles and Dora from their foothold. They stood now on a narrow ledge, and the water splashed up against their feet.

Charles stooped down suddenly and kissed Dora's lips.

"Now!" he said, and slipped into the water. Dora crossed herself and followed him.

On the embankment Meade had become aware of the impending catastrophe, and was raging at official delay. Oakes had rejoined him after an absence spent in a fruitless excursion along the line on the chance of discovering the presence of a fishing boat or punt on one of the inland drains: and now assistance from the coastguard station was due.

Meade struck his hands together. "Confound red tape and those who tie it," he shouted through the rising wind. "Am I

to stand here and see them swallowed up before my very eyes?"

"Once again, Meade, they may not be there."

"So you have been saying all night," rejoined Philip obstinately. "I only know I mean to act as if they were, and without those confounded sailors. What is the distance to the wall do you suppose?"

"A couple of hundred feet or so."

"And beyond it?"

"Half as much again."

"And the height of the windows above the water?"

"Six feet, perhaps. By Jove! the place has lurched over. What is happening?"

Meade tore off his ulster and then his coat. "You must give me a leg-up over the hedge," he said, and jumped down from the platform. Oakes followed him to the edge of the embankment.

"Don't be mad, Meade," he urged; "there is more than a ripple, the wind is rising, and, for God's sake consider, the house is falling."

"I may save her yet, if not him."

"There might have been a chance an hour ago."

"Then help was coming," answered Meade bitterly. He was working himself up on to the top of the hedge by means of Oakes's shoulders. It was an uneasy support, and he tore his face and hands.

"Wait for a line, at least," urged Oakes.

"I wait for nothing," Meade retorted, trying to secure his footing for a drop.

Oakes gave up the contention.

"Steady!" he said. "It is a dive of eight feet I daresay. Take time and—one moment, Meade—what do you mean to do?"

"Swim round to the front, and then by the help of the current get to the nearest land."

"That will be the camp ; it looks like half-a-mile of water by this light. Be cautious in approaching the building."

"I'll do my best," answered Meade. He grasped Oakes's hand, and then slid down from his inconvenient position on to the edge of the embankment.

Oakes heard the splash of his dive, and, still listening, the rattle of the cart that was bringing the expected assistance.

"Five minutes more !" he growled, "only five minutes ;" but Meade had judged more accurately than he did. Before five minutes had passed the pavilion had sunk out of sight, and the moonlight gleamed across an expanse of water broken into wavelets by the breeze and centred by a gulf that tossed and sank, driving circular rings that widened and shallowed as they extended towards the distant shore.

Meade's escape was a narrow one. He was only saved by the wide circuit he made to reconnoitre, and the sight of some dark object, which he guessed to be human, drifting down the current that set obliquely towards the shore with the turn of the tide. What followed he alone could have explained. Entangled, fortunately for their ultimate deliverance, among the pines of the seaward plantation, both Charles and Dora, equally exhausted, could only aid his efforts by instinctive struggles for life. How he managed to secure them among the branches above the reach of the falling waters, and to keep life in all three until help finally reached them, he remembered less distinctly. It was almost morning, and a low reef that indicated the line of the ruined sea-wall divided the flood from the waters of Chapelnaze Bay, before Oakes was able to report the work of salvage complete. Later he, too, showed considerable discretion, both in arranging for the reception of the sufferers and communicating with their friends in explanation.

Time, like James, has two faces : the one that has been bitten so sharply by Victor Hugo into his masterly engraving of Notre

Dame, the face of Time the consumer; the other, the favourite of lyric poets, those graceful scroll workers of the frame of life, the face of Time the restorer. The latter face has smiled upon human labour at Chapelnaze, relaid the foundations of the ruined cricket ground, re-erected its fallen wall, and rebuilt the dissolved pavilion. County matches are played again behind the screen of decimated pines, and an Antipodean team has condescended to bowl down Briton-guarded wickets there for the important consideration of gate-money. A new secretary has given fresh impetus to the club, and its pitch is again famous.

Harman resigned his secretaryship as soon as he had wound up the accounts of the season that had ended so disastrously, and for a long time did not revisit the scene of the catastrophe. His elder brother's death both added to his duties and limited the time he could afford to spend on his own amusement; it also rendered an engagement to Dora Vyner possible.

Dora, on her part, found all the strength of her untried constitution and of her quiet endurance necessary to enable her to recover without injury from the effects of her long exposure and anxiety. She conceived a terror of the scene where both had been endured that Charlie's connexion with it could not entirely dissipate. They had been married a year before he persuaded her to revisit Chapelnaze for the purpose of effacing the old tragic picture by a new impression, and then she only consented because Charlie protested that all scenes and sports were imperfect unless she shared them at least as a spectator. Theirs was one of the happy marriages that rest on the solid basis of comradeship, and Dora knew he spoke in earnest. She accompanied him one morning when his name was down for a two days' match, and together they went up into the luxurious saloon that occupied the upper floor of the new pavilion. Dora's face was as sweet as ever, but could hardly be so bright. Meade had only survived the August night of two years before by three months of actively spent life; but despite that energy and the

fact that there was obvious proof of the origin of the fever from which he died, it was impossible to disconnect the relentless hold it took of him from the strained anxiety of the inundation night.

Dora shed a few rare tears, and Charles smoked with all the vigour that he had used on a former occasion with the intention of "showing a light." How useless the return blaze of the brazier had been he recollected with some sadness.

Time has passed again and Charlie's membership of the club is now honorary. The remembrance of the tragedy is softened by a new connexion. There is a cheery youngster who plays up and down his father's hall with a discarded bat. The bat is nearly as tall as himself, and is a heavy toy for a child ; but Philip has inherited his mother's favourite taste and uses it as a horse. Looking on at him the parents forget the horror of the moments when they stood facing death together, and only remember that Philip Meade was awaiting to help them.

AMES SAVILE.

To a Child.

WHENAS to you the tollèd tongue of Time,
Which threats me from the tower Eternity,
Awaited spousals with your youth shall chime,
The long affiance, childhood, lagged by ;
When he you love shall be not he you love,
Shall go with feet that serve him not, behold
Your dear face through changed eyes, all grim change prove,—
A new man, whom our scoffing speech calls old ;
When shamed love keeps his ruined lodgment, elf !
When, ceremented in pale memory,
Myself is hearsèd underneath myself,
And I am but the sepulchre of me ;
O ! to that worn tomb will you grant some tears,
For sake of the dead him whose name it bears ?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 236.)*

CHAPTER X. THE KINGDOM OF THE SAINTS.

Recapitulation.

I HAVE in the preceding chapter explained, on a historical basis, the phraseology and the ideas of the Hebrews, and of those populations of the ancient world with which the Hebrews and the early Christians were most closely connected, on the afterworld in general. We have seen that by Heaven was meant the overworld, the welkin, the chosen abode of the Deity—or, in polytheism, of deities—and of subordinate blessed spirits, the angels of the Old Testament, who in all ages of Hebrew antiquity were most freely and fully recognised as created mediators, intercessors, and interveners with the world below. This is, in fact, a necessary supplement to *Religious*, as distinguished from merely *Philosophical*, Monotheism ; and is indispensable to prevent it from sinking into Metaphysical Deism and so into Pantheism and Atheism. We have also seen that the Semitic She'ôl, the Egyptian Amenti, the Greek Hades, the Latin Inferi, and the Teutonic Hell, did not signify exclusively the hell of the lost, but meant the underworld into which souls were believed to descend by death, and that this underworld was habitually thought of as comprehending places of longer and of shorter punishment, and also of tranquillity, or, still more, of an imperfect happiness. It thus included the Hell, Purgatory, and

Limbo, of later phraseology ; the most rudimentary idea being a general notion of gloom—connected with burial and leaving the daylight—which gradually evolved itself in these different directions.* The essential idea involved in the use of the word death was, I showed, the suppression—partial or total—of the activity of all or some of the faculties of that—the body, the soul, or whatever it might be—which was said to be dead ; and, conversely, *qîmah*, and *anastasis*, the word which is usually translated into English by the inconvenient term resurrection, means the setting up again, as it were, or restoration of that which had been dulled or suppressed.† After examining the distinction of the *first* and the *second* resurrection, and showing that by the *first* was meant a spiritual resurrection, a restoration of the spiritual faculties, and, in conformity with the general law of Divine Providence, a further raising of them to a higher and indeed to a heavenly level,‡ we proceeded to discuss the origin of the terminology of first and second birth, first and second death, first and second anastasis, which was proved to have existed from a remote period in Egypt, a country with which the Hebrews were intimately connected. There was no necessity, therefore, for the Hebrews to have received the doctrine of a (first and second) resurrection from the Persians, as it is so often asserted that they did.§

* MERRY ENGLAND, xvii., pp. 216-223.

† Pages 223-226.

‡ Pages 226-228.

§ Pages 301-311.—The assertion in question is a survival from a time when nothing was known of the comparative History of Religion, and is due to (1) imperfect criticism of the Zendavesta, the sacred book of the Persians, and consequent failure to distinguish between earlier and later portions ; and (2) from imperfect recognition, or even total want of recognition, of the penetration of Egyptian influence among the Persians of the old or Achaemenian empire, and of Hebrew influence at a later period ; while (3), a *corporeal* resurrection has been superficially imagined to be intended where resurrection is spoken of (cf. C. de Harlez. "Les Origines de Zoroastrisme"). The ideas of a metempsychosis and of a spiritual resurrection naturally comes first ; that of a resurrection of the body has to wait to be suggested by long continued observation of slow astronomical changes, by great national disasters which look as if the world were coming to pieces and would need to be restored *ab initio*, or by the gradual accumulation (so to speak) of spiritual resurrections drawing after it the inference of a

After having* urged on the reader the importance of realising the bearings of this terminology—a terminology not peculiar to the Hebrews, but common to them and to other nations and families of mankind,—I went on to examine the more important case of the Hebrews in particular, to what extent they used it, and what they meant by it. We began by the discussion of their mourning and their burial customs,† both of which are, in substance, more ancient than the call of Abraham and the formation of a distinct and chosen people. The first, we saw, afford evidence of offerings *to* the dead, which with the development of Monotheism would pass into intercessions *for* the dead, in proportion as the dead came to be thought of as under the One Supreme Ruler and Governor, and unable to take advantage, of their own mere motion, of what was done for them or as it were sent to them ; while the burial customs suggested an underworld, with concomitant ideas of pain, or at least of gloom, as at all events in the first instance the receptacle of the souls of the dead. Passing on to the beliefs of the patriarchs, it was then evinced that they looked forward to such an underworld.‡ They looked forward to it, at least, as the immediate issue of death. It may be asked whether their prevision extended to a happier state beyond, to a Heaven on the other side of what *they* anticipated as She'ôl, but which *we*, distinguishing its aspects of gloominess and of rest, call Purgatory and Limbo as far as good men are concerned. The question is merely speculative ; Holy

corporeal investiture of the ever-growing multitude of human souls when its number should have become complete—like the uniforming of recruits when the tale of their squadrons is completed. The earliest description we have of a resurrection in Semitic literature, relates to a spiritual resurrection. It is contained in the legend of Izdubhar, where it is said that after petition was made to Ea, and to Merodach, his son, the earth-opener, to release Ea-bani from Hades,

“The ghost of Ea-bani like a dust-cloud from the earth arose.”

A corporeal resurrection is for the first time described as such in the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

* MERRY ENGLAND, vol. xix., pp. 69-80.

† Pages 138-152. ‡ Pages 153-156.

Scripture says nothing. After the Patriarchs, however, followed the Law ; and (if we did not reflect on the circumstances of the case) we should not unnaturally anticipate that with the fuller and more detailed revelation in the Law more specific statements as to the afterworld would be included. Such an anticipation, we saw, is peremptorily contradicted by the facts : the Mosaic Law says nothing whatever about any afterworld at all.* Hasty and hot-headed people have jumped at the conclusion that it rejected the idea of existence after death. I controverted this, adducing evidence that on the one hand belief in spectres and the worship given to underworld deities,† and on the other hand the magic‡ which was, naturally, interwoven with that worship, prove that those to whom the Law was addressed, and their descendants, were penetrated with belief in existence after death, but believed in it in such a way and with such accompaniments as rendered it proper and even necessary to put even the belief itself in the background for a time. Such a belief was sure to go on asserting itself, without the stimulus of express declarations of the Law.

*The Kingdom of the Saints—Distinction between Existence,
and Life, after Death.*

I have, for the reader's convenience, summarised the course taken and the results reached, because this is the first time the subject has been worked out as a whole, in English at all events, in the light of the information gained by nineteenth-century investigations, and the first time it has been presented from a Catholic point of view. Egyptian and Assyrian explorations, the more ample knowledge of the Semitic languages, and the better acquaintance we now have with the geography, the plants, the animals, the customs, of the East, should surely be utilised for the advantage of the Catholic religion.—The question we have now to answer is this :—Did the Hebrews, who believed in

* Pages 213-215. † Pages 215-228. ‡ Pages 228-236.

a *Personal Existence* after death, also believe in a *Life* after death? My readers may, of course, ask what is the difference. It is this :—An existence after death may be conceived of as a ghoul or spectre existence, tied, as it were, to tombs, and darkness, and corruption ; an underworld-existence of pain or of hebetude, or of at best a quiet waiting for a better future. Such an existence is not life, but a continuance of the empire of death. A *Life* after death is a very different thing. It involves an *anastasis*, a resurrection in the Scriptural sense of the word ; a freeing of the soul at least—and the soul is the more important part of our personality—from the death bondage in the Scriptural sense of death.* The idea that the bodily *anastasis* is for Christians the principal *anastasis* involves a complete inversion of the respective importance of body and soul ; it is the most thorough-going turning of the tables for the benefit of Materialism. Did, then, the Hebrews believe, not that there *had been*, but that there *would be*, a spiritual *anastasis* ? I now proceed to the evidence that they did so, and that, therefore, they believed in a mediatorial kingdom, not only of the angels, but of the Saints. I begin by establishing that they did this, not from extrinsic communications with new and strange nations using a speech belonging, not only to a different language, but to a different family of languages from their own—that they did so before they had come into contact with Persians—and that their belief rose up in a form which indicates suggestions from communities which, ever since the time of the Exodus, had been bordering on, and intermixed with, the Hebrew commonwealth itself.

The false faiths of these communities were such, that, to those who had a higher faith, the idea of *Life* after death could not fail to be suggested. It may have grown up in other ways as well, and no doubt did so ; for wherever we have to do on the

* What this is has been evinced in a paragraph already referred to (MERRY ENGLAND, xviii., 223-226).

one hand with a belief which may be motivated by many premisses, and on the other hand with a large body of human beings, it is probable that all the premisses will be operative, some on some minds and some on others.

The false faiths to which I refer were those in Chemosh, Molech, and Ba'al.

Chemosh and the Moabites.

Chemosh was the name specially given by the Moabites, the inhabitants of the pastoral and vineyard country on the east of the Dead Sea, to the local form or modification of Ba'al which they chiefly served. They regarded themselves as the people of Chemosh; he was to them the original lord of the land, and their government appears to have been a theocracy in which Chemosh was supposed to be the veritable ruler, the king reigning only as a personification of the deity or in virtue of being directed by him.*

* "Woe to thee, O Moab," it is said in an ancient canticle quoted in the Book of Numbers, "thou art undone, O people of Chemosh; he hath given his sons to flight, and his daughters into captivity" (Numbers xxi. 29). So, again, "Wilt thou not possess the land that Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess," in Jephthah's long expostulatory message (Judges xi. 14-27) to the King of the Ammonites, who, as Mr. Grove with much probability supposed, were the predatory part of the nation of which the Moabites were the settled portion. That the princes of Moab were princes of Chemosh we learn from a passage of Jeremiah (xlviii. 7, 13), where the hypothesis that the government was theocratic is strengthened by the priests being spoken of before the princes: "Chemosh shall go into captivity, his priests and his princes together, . . . and Moab shall be ashamed of Chemosh, as the house of Israel," the northern Hebrew kingdom, which had already gone into captivity when Jeremiah wrote, "was ashamed" of the calves and he-goats "of Bethel, in which they trusted." That Moab was a theocracy is also borne out, not only by the theocratic character of the older west-Asiatic monarchies at large, but by the inscription on the celebrated "Moabite Stone" set up at Dibhon (which, according to St. Jerome on Is. xv. was the principal seat of Chemosh-worship) by that Mesha, King of Moab, of whom we read, 4 [2] Kings iii. 28, that when hard pressed by the allied Kings of Israel, of Judah (the southern Hebrew kingdom), and of Edom, he "took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall; and there came great indignation upon [a/] Israel, and they departed from him, and returned into their own land." The first words of the inscription are, "I am Mesha, son of Chemosh-Melech," i.e., of the Chemosh-king, "at Dibhon." Chemosh, he goes on to say, had "breathed out anger against his land," and gave over

The Aridity of South-Western Asia.

To speak of Syria, of Moab, of parts of the Sinaitic peninsula, or of Egypt, as copiously watered and easily cultivable, may seem at variance with the descriptions of these countries given by modern travellers, who uniformly represent them as generally arid and desolate. But north-eastern Africa and south-eastern Asia have dried up within the historical period. In remote the northern part of it to Omri, King of Israel; and then, without mentioning the human sacrifice by which he no doubt believed his god had been propitiated, he unconsciously elucidates the declaration that "there came great indignation upon *Israel*" by recording a successful campaign or series of campaigns in the provinces east of the Jordan held by the idolatrous northern Hebrew kingdom. "Omri obtained possession of the whole district of Medeba, and occupied it all his days and half [part] the days of his son, forty years; and Chemosh brought it back in my days; and I built Ba'al Me'on and made therein the 'SVH [tank?]; and I built QRYTN [Kiriathaim]. And the man of Gad [the prince or chief of the tribe of Gad] occupied the district of 'A'taroth (Numbers xxxii. 3, 34) from of old; and the King of Israel built [fortified] for himself 'A'taroth; and I made war against the city, and captured it, and I brought away captives; [*haragh*; Arabic, *harag*, to bring to nothing, *hagar*, exile; Hebrew, *haragh* to kill] all the people from the city, a show for Chemosh and for Moab. And I brought away from there the 'er'el [or 'ar'el; some highly venerated object, perhaps the symbol or image before which the altar-sacrifices were offered] of DVDH. The beloved one, from DVD, love; probably a female deity, on account of the feminine ending -H; or, H being written for V elsewhere in the inscription, DVDV, 'his love'], and dragged it before the face of Chemosh in QRYT [Kiriath]. And I gave it to the man of SRN and to the men of MHRT to dwell in. And Chemosh said to me: 'Come now, take NBH [Nebo] from Israel;' and I marched by night, and fought against it from daybreak till mid-day; and I took it; and I led into captivity [or put to death; *haragh*, as above] all of them, seven thousand fighting men [*gebhorin*], and their sons, and wives [*gebhoroth*], and daughters, and female slaves [?]. So to Ashtor-Chemosh did I devote them; and thence I took the 'er'el of Jehovah, and dragged it before the face of Chemosh." No successes against the southern kingdom of Judah are referred to ("Die Inschrift von König's Mesa von Moab," Smend und Socin, Freiburg, 1886). Whether by asserting himself to be the son of Chemosh-Melech Mesa meant to convey that his title to the throne was derived from his being in a special sense the offspring of Chemosh, or whether he intended to say that his father's name was Chemosh-Melech, "Chemosh—King!", the implication is that the government was theocratic. The same implication is contained in Chemosh-nadhabh, "Chemosh impels" or "clears the way," the name of a later King of Moab. It is found on the Taylor Cylinder, in a passage where Sennacherib says that in his third campaign "U-ru-milki King of Byblos, Mi-ti-in-ti of Ashdod, Pu-du-ilu of the country of the children of Ammon, Ka-mu-su-na-ad-bi of [Mo]ab, Malik-ram-mu of Edom, all the kings of the land of the West," brought him presents, and kissed his feet (E. Schrader "Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament," second edition, Giessen, 1883, p. 288; "Records of the Past," second series, vol. i., p. 37).

antiquity, their humidity was increased by the Sahara being a sea; the Great Desert of Gobi must also have been a sea at some time or other; and another sea, whose waters have now been drained into the Mediterranean by the breaking open of the Bosphorus, united the Euxine, the Caspian, and perhaps the Sea of Aral. The enormous output of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, which now run uselessly away into the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, was arrested and distributed over the plains by irrigation works, and rose up in clouds to fertilise the neighbouring lands. Vegetation was more abundant, and vegetation itself draws down the rain by which it is supported; and by binding the soil together with a soft and absorbent network of roots, prevents the rain-water from running idly or destructively away in mountain torrents to the sea. The great mammalia of India probably found their way thither in part across what once were the jungles, but are now the sandy or stony deserts, of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia. One of the recently discovered Tel-el-Amarna tablets speaks of ivory being sent as a present from Syria and Mesopotamia into Egypt. Thothmes III. hunted the elephant near Aleppo; Tiglath Pileser enjoyed elephant hunts in the neighbourhood of Carchemish; the bones of the rhinoceros have been found in the now arid country of Mirzapore; in the sixteenth century, Baber hunted it at Chunar; at an earlier period Achmed-ibn-Jakoob described the skies of Egypt in the neighbourhood of the Nile as "obscured by thick, fœtid, and putrid vapours." The plants also have changed. Only stunted acacias now grow in the peninsula of Sinai. The lotus lily no longer flourishes in Egypt, and is not to be found growing wild further west than India and Central Asia. The lign-aloe, of which Balaam spoke as if he had seen it growing, and as if his reference to it would be understood by his Moabite hearers, has now to be procured from India, from Siam, and from China.*

* Huxley, *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1891, p. 920; Sayce, *Contemporary*

Water Storage, Hills, and Tanks.

There is in winter a considerable rainfall over parts of the above area, and more particularly of course where there are mountains. Robinson's experience of Palestine was that "the whole period from October to March now constitutes only one continued season of rain, without any regularly intervening term of prolonged fair weather ;" and this most careful and observant of modern travellers describes the Wady Wêtir, on the eastern side of the Sinaitic peninsula, as even bringing down trunks of trees in the enormous volumes of water which it occasionally discharges into the Gulf of Akabah. But the winter's storms are more than counterbalanced by the prolonged droughts of summer, and except where the rainful has been caught in a natural storage-ground whence it slowly filters subterraneously to

Review, on Arabia, December, 1890. On the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, etc., recent issues of the *Journal Asiatique*, and the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," in particular for June 4th, 1890. On the lotus lily, Ct. Goblet d'Alviella, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May, 1890, p. 131. On the acacia, MERRY ENGLAND, July, 1882, p. 220. On the climate of Egypt, Abulfeda, Tabula, Syriae, Lipsiae, 1786, quoting Achmed at p. 6.—In Numbers xxiv. 6, Balaam compares the tents of Israel in the Ghor es-Seiseban (*ante*, p. 220) to "gardens by the river side, lign-aloes [Heb. 'ahalim] which Jehovah hath planted." The lign-aloe or wood-aloe—which is what is meant by 'ahalim, and not, of course, the unsavoury aloes of the pharmacopæa—is the produce of the *Aquillaria agallochum* and other species of *Aquillaria*, which are water-loving shrubs now found only in the far East, and much valued for fumigations and for incense, on account of their aromatic properties. As is the case with the verbena and with hay, the aroma is developed only after the death of the plant, the soft wood, which is the part used, becoming fragrant only after having been immersed or buried in the swamps (the Rev. William Houghton, F.L.S., in the "Appendix to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible"). The point is not without importance, for it shows that the prophecy of Balaam belongs to a period earlier than that in which the aquilaria was unable, on account of the increasing dryness, to grow in Western Asia. To the later Hebrews it was known, not as a growing plant, but only as an imported scented wood, in which meaning it is spoken of in Ps. xlv. [xlv.], 8, Prov. vii. 19, and Canticles iv. 4, along with cassia and other imported spices. By consulting Wilson's or Burnouf's Sanskrit Dictionaries, it will be seen that the name 'ahal (of which 'ahalim and 'ahalôth are the plurals), still exists in Sanskrit under the forms *aghl*, *agaru*, and *agiru*. From this a hasty "critic" might infer that the word was imported from the East. But against this mere guess is to be set the existence of a group of similar words in ancient Egyptian in which *acher* (palm-leaf, dark moon, or "sive," and mouth) means to be agreeable ; *cher*, myrrh ; *cher*, and *cher-cher*, a ditch or marsh ; *chra* (bent fish, mouth, and

issue from perennial springs or wells at lower levels, vegetation is too commonly parched to death in the hot months of July and August. Once dead, no autumn rains can revive it; and only a border of green by a watercourse, or a grassy meadow to which the waters of some perpetually flowing spring have penetrated, breaks the monotony of desolation except in specially favoured localities. The Moabites saved the waters which ran down to them from the hills east of the Dead Sea. The ruins of their now desolate cities are described as absolutely honeycombed with underground cisterns whose stonework is now in ruins and their channels blocked up with earth and sand; and besides these—which were principally intended to supply drinking water for the inhabitants, though they might be used at a pinch to irrigate fields and gardens—the floods from the valley-heads

eagle) something decaying; *her-er*, a flower; and *aker* (palm-leaf, triangle, and mouth) some kind of plant. *Akak* (eagle, and two thrones) is also given as the name of some flower or herb, and *hir* as that of a perfumed tree with which Rameses III. planted Thebes (Brugsch, "Dictionnaire Hiéroglyphique," Supplement, p. 837). I may mention that Egyptian makes no distinction between *l* and *r*, so that these and other words may be spelt with either letter indifferently, and I may also notice that the word *achu*, in Coptic *achi*, means green herbage growing in a marsh or by a river side. It is one of the many Egyptian words employed in the Pentateuch, and occurs in Genesis xli. 2, 18,—and Job viii. 11, under the form *'ahû*. Such phenomena are as little to be neglected in discussing the age and source of the five Mosaic books as the evidence of change of climate is to be neglected in replying to objections as to the cattle and the pastoral life of the Hebrews in the moors or wilderness of Sinai.

When we are told that words came from India or from Persia, and that consequently their introduction into Hebrew must be of late date, we have also to remember that they may have passed eastward as easily as westward, or may have been disseminated from some intermediate position. The evidence of proper names of towns, mountains, and rivers, conclusively shows that some very ancient language or languages exercised in extremely remote times an influence which extended southward as far as Egypt, and, from west to east, as far west as the western shores of Asia Minor, and at least as far east as the north-west of India. Thus there is a Scinde and an Indus in India, and in Afghanistan there is a Cabul. But (using the ancient geographical names) there was also a river Indus in Caria, and it ran through a district called Cabulia (compare the name Chaboras, a branch of the Euphrates), and had on its banks a town called Sinda. On the west coast of Caria there was a Passala, and Passalæ was the name of a people of India on the Ganges; while a town Pattala in India is matched by a Patara in Lycia. We meet with a Nisæa on the way to India, on the Margus, a Nysa in Caria, another in Lycia, another in Ethiopia, another in

were led by embankments into artificially constructed "seas" or reservoirs, whence, as occasion required, they could be carefully and economically distributed over the cultivated lands. Canon Tristram on measuring such a tank, at Ziza, in the Moabite country, found it to be 140 yards long by 110 wide, with $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet between the surface of what water happened to be standing in it and the top of the Cyclopean masonry by which it was enclosed, and with dams and stone sluice gates for the regulation of the supply and of the outflow. It was choked up and in ruins, the bad administration of the Mohammedan government having made the inhabitants careless, because they never knew whether they would be allowed to enjoy the fruit of their labours; but one of the party who had resided in the farther East, was able to observe that the whole system of embankments, sluices, etc., was precisely similar to that of the ancient irrigation works in India and Ceylon. As long as the tank and its out-works were kept in order, "cultivation," infers Canon Tristram, "must have been continuous, and famines unknown."*

Arabia, and a Nyssa in Cappadocia. Besides the Indus just referred to, there is a town Sindus on a river in Macedonia, and a Sindomana on the Indus in India; a town Sangala in India, a Sagalassus in Pisidia, and a river Sangarius in Bithynia; a Tabæ in Persia, another in Syria, and another in Caria; an Indian river Tynna, and a Cappadocian Tyana; a Carmel in Palestine, a Carmalas in Cappadocia, and a Carmylessus in Lycia; an Apamæa in Phrygia, another in Syria, and another in Mesopotamia; an Abassus in Phrygia, and Abassi as the name of an Indian people; Malli as the name of another Indian people, and Mallus in Cilicia. As to the names ending in -assus, -assa, -issa, etc., they are almost innumerable. Examples, in addition to those already incidentally cited, are Caleorsissa in Armenia, Larissa near Ninus, Larissa in Syria, Parnassus in Cappadocia, and Parnassus in Attica. These names are most abundantly found in the western part of the old Hittite country, where names in -anda, etc. (as Alabanda and Caryanda in Caria, Blaundus in Phrygia, Isionda in Pisidia, and Dalandis in Cappadocia), also occur with exceptional frequency. The KBL and KBR names (as, to cite other examples Cabira in Pontus, and the Kabyles [?]) are probably connected with the worship of the Kabeiroi or banded or associated deities).

* E. Robinson, "Biblical Researches in Palestine," London, 1841, ii. 97, and i. 229-30; Tristram, "The Land of Moab," 1873, p. 185. The importance attached by the Moabites to their cisterns and reservoirs—of which the "Sea of Jazer" (Ya'zer, "he gives help," Is. xvi. 8, Jer. xlviii. 32) was evidently one—is illustrated by King Mesha's inscription (lines 21-25; cf. 4 [2] Kings

The Nature of Chemosh Worship.

The characteristics of the Moabite country throw light on the nature of Chemosh, the Moabite divinity; for the heathen deities were—until the higher stage of anthropomorphism had been reached—conceived of after the analogy of animals or of other objects which by reason of their strength, their usefulness, or other attributes which were attractive to barbarians, received a superstitious veneration. Now north of Moab, the ox was the principal domestic animal, as may be seen by the Biblical references to bulls of Bashan and the like; but in Moab itself the smaller stock—sheep, with goats—were the principal objects of attention. King Mesha, who in his inscription speaks of “bringing *noqedh*—a word said by Smend and Socin to mean sheep, inclusive, now at least, of goats—to Ba‘al Me‘ôn,” is called in the Fourth Book

iii. 25): “I built [built up, fortified] QRHH, the wall on the side of the Y‘R N [moor?], and the wall on the side of the hill; and I built its gates, and I built its towers; and I built the house of Molech [*Qy*, the king’s palace?], and I made the conduits of the reservoir for the water [?] in the place; and there were no cisterns in QRHH, and I said to all the people, let each of you make a BR [cistern] in his dwelling.”

The Hebrews, and especially, it would seem, those east of the Jordan, made similar constructions, though not to so great an extent as the Moabites. An ordinary name for them is *bhôr*, the word usually translated “pit,” which means a dug out or hewn out space below the general level of the soil, whether covered in or uncovered, and whether containing or not containing water. It is consequently employed of a trap for wild beasts, and is then more than once accompanied by mention of snares (2 Kings [Samuel] xxiii. 20; Ps. xxv. 7; etc.); and of an improvised or official prison, some ancient prisons, like the *barathron* at Athens, being dug out spaces from which it was impossible to escape (Genesis xxxvii. 22, 24, 29; xli. 14; 1 Par. [Chronicles] xxvi. 10, Is. xxiv. 22, Jer. xxxvii. 16). These prison-pits are described sometimes as muddy, and at other times as (what comes to the same thing) without drinkable water; and to add to the horror of the situation, the dead were occasionally thrown in among the living (Jer. xxxviii. 6, Zach. ix. 11, Jer. xli. 7). *Bhôr* is also used of a quarry (Is. li. 1), and of a hole or reservoir sunk for water to accumulate in (Exodus xxi. 23); and the idea of being entangled in the mud of a river-valley—caught in the waters of a storm from the hills—and carried away into the *bhôr* toward which their course was directed—appears to be the foundation of the metaphor, “I sink in deep mire, where there is no sure standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. . . . Let not the waterflood overwhelm me, neither let the deep water swallow me up, and let not the pit [*be‘er*, a col-lative form of *bhôr*] shut her mouth,” i.e., her sluice-gates, “upon me” (Ps. lxviii. [lxix.] 2, 14, 15). The word is likewise employed of a rock-cistern,

of Kings a *noqedh*, or, as the word there means, a herd or master of small stock ; and is related to have paid to the King of Israel a tribute "of a hundred thousand *carîm*," leaping animals, lambs or kids, and of a hundred thousand *'ayilîm*, strong ones, chiefs of the flock, "*zemer*," the coats—*i.e.*, the wool, in so far as lambs and rams may be referred to, and the finer or coarser goats'-hair, to whatever extent the reference may be to goats and kids. Moabitis being by nature suitable for pasturage, and having, as we have just seen, been rendered still more so by art, a ram or a goat deity would not be surprising in Moab. Which was more likely to be adopted would depend partly on the respective characteristics of the two species, and partly on their respective antiquity in the

supplying water for a household, or for a larger community (Deut. vii. 11, 2 Kings [Samuel] iii. 26, 4 [2] Kings x. 14, 2 Par. [Chronicles] xxvi. 10, Prov. v. 15, Eccles. xii. 6, Nehemiah ix. 25 ; Is. xiii. 7, xix. 22). Naturally enough, it also designates a burial vault, and is paralleled with death and with She'ôl (Is. xxxix. 18 ; Ps. xxix. [xxx.] 3, 4 ; Prov. i. 12 ; Ps. xxvii. [xxviii.] 1 ; cxliii. 7). The melancholy and gloom of the idea is, moreover, emphasised by speaking of the stones of the pit—stone being the hardest material—of the lowest pit, and of the uttermost parts of the pit, whence rescue was least to be hoped for (Is. xiv. 19 ; Ps. lxxxvii. [lxxxviii.] 4, 8 ; Is. xiv. 15). But in this usage of the word, *bhôr* is not sufficient to carry the conception of the hell of the lost, which, if conveyed at all, has to be conveyed by the context. The primary idea is that of being buried, not that of "going down into the pit" in our sense of the expression. For it is a law of human speech that on every occasion in which a word is deliberately used, it is accompanied by the whole of the suggestions associated with it ; and some of the passages just referred to show that *borôth* or *bhôr*'s were used—when not flooded with water—as hiding-places in time of trouble (cf. 1 Kings [Samuel] xiii. 6, 2 Kings [Samuel] xvii. 9). Hence Job's petition, "O that Thou wouldst hide me in She'ôl," as in a pit of refuge, "that Thou wouldst keep me secret till Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and then remember me" (Job xiv. 13). In the stock of Hebrew metaphors, the "pit" was not exclusively the house of *death* ; it was also the receptacle of the refreshing streams which flowed from the hills which on account of being the sources of those streams were specially associated with the Deity as the provider for His people (Ps. ciii. [civ.] 13, cxx. [cxxi.] 1) ; it was the centre of fertility, the place of subterranean waters, the antechamber of an underworld where the trees of Eden grew ; so that when Pharoah "is cast down into She'ôl, with them that descend into the pit," "all the trees of Eden, the choicest and best of Lebanon, all that drink water," are there. They envy him because he seems greater than even they, "and are comforted in the nether parts of the earth" (Ezekiel xxxi. 16 ; cf. verse 5 and xxxii. 19). As an eschatological term, therefore, *bhôr* resembles She'ôl in not denoting exclusively the place of the lost ; but is a common ground-form which also includes the root ideas of Purgatory and of Limbo

country—ceremonial practices being always rendered more respectable by age. Sheep had to be artificially introduced ; their defencelessness and timidity render their existence in the wild state impossible where, as in south-western Asia, lions and other large carnivora are met with ; while goats and antelopes and other similar animals which were not always distinguished from goats by specific names, were (if we may so say) aboriginal inhabitants of Palestine and the neighbouring countries, being able to elude their natural enemies by resorting to the precipices and ledges of the mountains through their skill and surefootedness in climbing. In Palestine and adjacent countries, moreover, the leaders of the flock were the goats, and a goat would consequently be a more appropriate representative of Chemosh, the leader of Moab, than a sheep could be imagined to be. That he-goats were worshipped in the Sinaitic peninsula we have independent evidence ; that goats were to be found specially among hills would be a motive of superstitious ideas respecting them, because the hills were sources of water, and so of life. The salacious disposition of these animals, which unites with their strong smell and their violent and uncertain disposition to inspire us with aversion, was not unlikely to excite very different feelings among west-Asiatic barbarians ; and even had no suggestion of vitality attached to mountains, the very fact of their being encountered among the silent and rugged precipices and gorges which are so wont to inspire the human imagination with natural awe and superstitious dread, and to be tenanted by it with supernatural beings, would help to cause them to be regarded as allied to or as identical with the spirits or dæmons of such places.*

* "Inscription d. K. Mesa," ll. 30, 31 ; 4 [2] Kings iii. 4 ; cf. "The *cebhashîm*, lambs, are for thy clothing, and the '*atûdhîm*, he-goats, for the rent of the field" (Prov. xxvii. 26).—"The goat," says Campbell, an African traveller, quoted by Kitto, "Pictorial Bible," 1856, vol. iii. p. 441, "possesses much more fortitude than the sheep, and is much more forward in advancing through difficulties, especially in crossing rivers ; and the sheep, who are not fond of such exploits, implicitly follow them. While travelling in Africa, I was

Chemosh Worship and Revivification.

Semitic scholars are agreed that the name Chemosh is connected with the Hebrew *ceblesh* and the Arabic *cabosh*, a young ram, and so with the Hebrew *chabhash*, to tread down, overcome, to smelt metallic ores, and the Arabic *cabasha*, "obruit, opplevit, cinxit, corpus tractavit quemadmodum fit in balneis Arabum" (Freytag, iv. 4, 5). Other connected words are *hamas*, to be full-fleshed or prosperous; *hamash*, to be brave; *hamas*, to be impetuous; *habhash*, to bind, rule over; and *habhath*, to bake. If so, the name is not connected with any characteristic peculiarity of the ram, but is more likely than not to have been an appellation of the 'az or goat, capable of being extended to the later introduced but originally belonging to the earlier known animal. The case may be illustrated by that of the Egyptian deity Chnum, who was worshipped in Upper or Southern Egypt,

obliged to have a small stock of sheep to supply food when game was scarce; and as instigators to bold and rapid travelling, I was necessitated to have always a few goats in the flock. They always took the lead, especially in crossing rivers, one of which, the Great Orange River, was about a quarter of a mile across; and there the goats behaved nobly. Had they been rational creatures, I should have returned them public thanks. They always take the lead, seemingly aware of possessing superior powers." That goats and sheep were similarly mingled among the flocks in ancient Palestine is shown by Jer. l. 8: "Remove out of the midst of Babylon, and go forth out of the land of the Chaldeans, and be as the 'atûdhîm, the he-goats, before the flocks." Hence the metaphor of separating the sheep from the goats, Matth. xxv. 32 and Ezechiel xxxiv. 17. Hence also the use of he-goat as synonymous, with leader, as in Zach. x. 3, "Mine anger is kindled against the shepherds and I will punish the he-goats," which are in parallel with the shepherds; and in Is. xiv. 9, "She'ôl beneath is in uproar to meet thee at thy coming; it stirs up the Rephaim for thee, all the 'atûdhîm, the he-goats of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations." The word 'atûdhîm is here translated "chief ones" or "princes" in the English versions, so that the very existence of a metaphor, much more its nature, is lost to the English reader.

From the way in which it is used in Ezechiel xxxiv. 17, we see that by the time of Ezechiel the word "goat" had acquired an unfavourable sense; but it had no such by-meaning among the ancestors of the Jews, nor in Babylonia, whence they came. "Let the god Azaga-suga," says an Assyrian hymn quoted by Sayce ("Religion of Ancient Babylonians," p. 286), the supreme god of Mul-lil"—i.e., of the lord of the ghost-world, here apparently taken for the ghost-world itself, as, in Greek, Hades, the name of the god of the underworld, became a name for the underworld itself—"with his pure

and to whom sheep were regarded as peculiarly sacred. He was a god of judgment and the underworld, and like Khems, was consequently represented with two erect feathers on his head ; an erect feather, unswayed by the slightest breath of air, being an Egyptian symbol of justice. By a symbolism which to us is rather more odd, he was portrayed as green, because, being a god of the underworld and so of the earth, he was a god of fruitfulness ; and as water is what is most urgently required for the fruitfulness of southern soils, he was regarded as specially presiding over water ; and was called "Lord of the inundation." But his original and principal type was the goat ; and in addition to two drooping ram's horns, two spiral goat's horns were given him. Nearer, however, is the case of the god Chem or Chems, whose name is perhaps identical with that of Chemosh. He was worshipped in Lower Egypt, in the nome of Mendes in

hands cause the sacrifice to be eaten." In the account of Abraham's sacrifice (Genesis xxv. 9) the goat is put before the sheep, as if it were for sacrificial purposes the more important. Isaac's savoury meat, which he had desired to be made from venison (of the antelope or gazelle kind), was prepared from kid's flesh (Genesis xxvii. 9) ; and inasmuch as a goatskin robe was among the Babylonians (as with the false prophets of Israel, Zach. xiii. 2-6 ; cf. Jer. xlvi. 37) a sacred and propitiatory dress, more motives than one may have been present to the mind of Rebecca, who was an Aramitess, for covering the hands and neck of Jacob with the skins of the kids when he went to make a venture for his father's blessing. In Jacob's dream (Genesis xxxi. 10-12) the he-goats alone are mentioned, and in its fulfilment the goats are spoken of before sheep (Genesis xxx. 33-35). All this indicates a sacredness attaching at that early period to the goat, especially if we bear in mind that the sheep was then commercially the more valuable animal, as we see, e.g., from the enumeration of Jacob's presents to Esau, where the least costly come first (Genesis xxxii. 14-20). Later on we find mention of tragolatry or goat worship, which had grown up in Egypt or in the wilderness :—"They shall no more offer sacrifices unto *se'irim*" (Lev. xvii. 7, H), for which in a corresponding passage in Deuteronomy (xxxii. 17) we read, "They sacrificed unto *shedhim*, Set-like animals (*ante*, p. 220). On account of the bad name the goat acquired on account of its disposition, and it may be from the very circumstance of sacrifices having been offered to them, evil spirits came to be thought of as goat-like (Is. xiii. 21, "*se'irim* shall dance there ;" xxxiv. 14, "*se'ir* shall cry to his fellow ;" Jer. l. 39, li. 37 ; Daniel viii. 5 ; 2 Par. [Chronicles] xi. 15 ; Apoc. xviii. 2) ; and probably for this reason, the English versions have destroyed the reference to he-goats in their renderings of the text just quoted from Leviticus, by translating *se'irim*—the plural of *se'ir*, hairy or shaggy, and so a shaggy or hairy animal, and in particular a he-goat—by "devils." But literal mean-

the neighbourhood of the land of Goschen, whither his cultus had probably been conveyed from the north-east ; goats were sacred to him ; and the cultus was of great antiquity if as a fragment of Manetho alleges, the worship of the Mendesian goat was introduced under the second dynasty. He is represented as standing between two trees which are apparently cebes or cypress trees, which were symbols of life and were placed in cemeteries ; other trees, and fruits, surround him ; and the Egyptian kings are represented as offering him herbs and flowers, or tilling the soil in his presence. These characteristics sufficiently show him to be a god of the underworld and the dead ; and he is in addition represented with a long bar behind him, as if he were himself dead, for it is apparently designed to prevent him from falling. The attribute of severity is conveyed by his holding in one hand a lash, which is, however, directed toward the moon, with which

ings are prior to metaphorical, and *se'ir* is everywhere else in the Pentateuch used of the he-goat itself, which is frequently spoken of, because as a living symbol of evil it was specially employed for sin-offerings. The evil spirit 'Az'azel, to which the scape-goat was to be sent, into a solitary land (Lev. xvi. 8, 10, 26) would appear to have been figured as a goat—as the prototype and patriarch of all he-goats, to speak in Oriental phraseology. To send him the goat, liturgically represented (Lev. xvi. 21) as charged with the sins of the people, would thus be a symbolising of renouncing Satan and all his works, and sending them back to their author.

That the Greeks supposed the solitudes of the mountains and the woods to be occupied by Pan and other goat-like preternatural beings the classical reader is aware—

Haec loca capripedes Satyros, Nymphasque tenere
Finitimi fingunt, et Faunos esse loquuntur ;
Quorum noctivago strepitu, ludoque jocanti,
Adfirmunt vulgo taciturna silentia rumpi.

“Lucretius,” iv. 584-8. The goat-like form under which Satan is often represented is popularly imagined to have been suggested by Pan. In reality, it goes much further back ; for the Pan-myth and the goat-form, by which is accompanied an ass-form (cf. *ante*, vol. xviii. p. 132), illustrated by the myth of the ass of Silenus (Creuzer, “Symbolik u. Mythologie,” Leipzig, 1821, iii. 209, etc.), was itself derived from the East (Creuzer, iii. 231, etc.), like the Bacchic myths of which it was a part. In Babylonia there was, Professor Sayce informs us, a divinity named Uz, the Babylonian name for the goat. Ea, the god of the deep, of the underworld, and of the river Euphrates, was represented in the former capacity as a fish, and in the latter as an antelope. The gazelles are a division of the antelopes ; and many of these animals have their coats nearly always damp to the touch. Ea was also represented as a gazelle, which, according to Professor Sayce,

he was connected ; and the revival of the new moon from darkness is itself a symbol of the renewal of life. He is wrapped in mummy cloths, and in some representations his right arm is extended as if sowing, while his left is swathed in the cerements. He corresponds, moreover, to the Greek and Roman god of gardens.*

Life to come in the Prophets.

If now we put these various facts together—the custom of burial in the mother's womb of the revivifying earth;—the selection of gardens, of hillsides, and of the upper parts of watercourses, as places of interment ;—the surmounting of graves by menhirs and stelæ which had an ulterior signification ;—the sacredness attached to hills, and the association of water with life ;—the conjunction of gods of the dead with springs and fountains—with revival of nature in the new life of spring.—with the seed, apparently dead, which germinates into a new plant,—with the coming of dawn after night,—with the renewal of the moon's light after her periodical obscurations :—it is impossible not to perceive that we are in the presence of a vast and diversified symbolism which was often coarse—and, indeed, often extraordinarily coarse, making burial-places seem the most appropriate spots for consecrated debauchery—and which was penetrated throughout by a continual, an unceasingly urgent suggestion, of existence

frequently takes the place of the closely related animal, the goat, on the Babylonian monuments. The goat, with the fish, was exalted into the Zodiacal winter sign of Capricorn, which is "the goat-nurse of the sun" in some Oriental legends (Lenormant, "Origines," p. 259). A god Azizos is spoken of by Wellhausen ("Reste Arabischen Heidentumes," Berlin, 1887, p. 61) and others as anciently worshipped at Edessa as a paredros or associate of the sun-god. He was Aziz-Phosphoras, the deity who brings the sun back, as his co-assessor Monim-Hesperos led him away—thus bringing us back to the idea of the goat-nurse of the sun and to the symbolism of the constellation Capricorn, in which the sun descended nearest the hills of the horizon to leap up into the higher regions of the sky.

* Rawlinson, "History of Ancient Egypt" ; Wilkinson, "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" ; Pierret, "Le Dogme de la Resurrection chez les anciens Egyptiens" ; Devéria, in "Zeitschrift," 1870 ; Creuzer, ii. III. For some reason or other, he is called the eater of his arm.

and of life, after death.† That the form taken by the suggestion was often most crude, is only what one would have expected. In the practice of necromancy, a spectral and, indeed, a ghoulish existence was evidently what was thought of. But the predominant imagery was, as we have just seen, that of a restoration of life. Crudely, too, was this often thought of; as when the worms and insects which had been preying on the corpse, or the birds and serpents which preyed on them in turn, were conceived to be other forms which the dead had assumed, or the luxuriant vegetation round the grave was thought to be instinct with the life of the departed; or when offspring conceived near a tomb was thought likely to be animated by the soul of the illustrious dead or to receive an influxus from it. As to the first of these two cases, Pierret quotes, among other passages, one from a "Notice" of Champollion "sur le Tombeau de Rameses II.," about "the divine beetle," the god Chepra, "who reposes in the underworld, and makes his transformations at the going forth of his body." "The germination of the corpse is an allegory expressing that the dissolution of the material body sets its elements free to metamorphoses." For an apt illustration of the second case, I need only refer the reader to the story of Gili-doir Maghrevollich, "the Black Child, Son to the Bones" in Note 24 to that very accessible book, Scott's "Lady of the Lake." There were also, however, other ideas, such as that of ascending among the stars, or living with God. Apart from distinct

† That the earth was thought of as a mother's womb is shown by the vivid converse expression, that the mother's womb is the lower parts of the earth (Ps. cxxxviii. 15).—As to Hebrew burial in high places, Aaron was buried on Mount Hor; Moses on Mount Nebo; Josue in the hill-side by Shechem; Eleazar in the hill of Phineas; Saul under the tree at Jabesh; the Kings of Judah in their high places on Mount Zion (Ezekiel xliii. 7); and those of Israel, probably at a high place at Samaria. At Bethel, too, there was a high place for burial, near the altar (4 [2] Kings xxiii. 16). To be buried high was to be buried honourably (Is. xxii. 15-19).—Count Goblet d'Alviella, "Origin of the Conception of God," London, 1892, ascribes the custom of burying the body folded up so that the knees touch the chin, to the idea of putting the deceased in the position of the infant in its mother's womb.

testimony to a spiritual resurrection and a heavenly life to come, as when Dusratti, King of Mitanni on the Euphrates prays for the soul of the father of the Pharaoh Amenophis IV., "he, who loved me, may he live with God,"* it is evident that the life-symbolism, by the adherents of which the Hebrews were closely surrounded during the whole period of their national independence from the Exodus to the Captivity, must have uninterruptedly pressed in upon them. It is unhistorical to look grudgingly and suspiciously on Old Testament passages relating to a future life, as if they could express no more than the daring and venturesome and yet despairing thoughts of some isolated thinker. There was no need for suggestion from Persia; the suggestion had been there for centuries; it filled the air; its voice was borne in by every whisper of the breeze. We read in Isaias: "Thy dead shall live again; my dead forms shall arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is the dew of light [of herbs], and the earth shall bud forth the Repha'im."† And we

* Tell-el-Amarna Tablets, No. 24. Dusratti was a Semitic prince, and Amenophis lived before Moses.

† Is. xxvi. 19. The Repha'im are the mighty ones, the Lords of the underworld. The word is commonly connected with the Hebrew *raphah*, to be sunk down, prostrate, helpless; but this meaning is not suitable to the passages in which it occurs, and it cannot be separated from *raphah*, a giant in strength, stature, or both (2 Kings [Samuel] xxi. 16, 18, 20; 1 Par. [Chronicles] v. iii. 37; ix. 43; xx. 4, 6, 8), and *Repha'im*, an ancient giant-tribe whose territory was beyond the Jordan, though they had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, where a valley was named after them (Genesis xiv. 5, xv. 19; Deut. ii. 11, 20, iii. 11, 13; Josue xii. 4, xiii. 12, xv. 8, xvii. 16; 2 Kings [Samuel] v. 18, 22; xxiii. 13; Is. xvii. 5). They appear to be spoken of in the Egyptian Travels of a Mohar in Syria ("Records of the Past," first series, second edition, vol. ii., p. 106):—"The defile infested by the wood-hidden Shasons, some of whom were four cubits from the nose to the heel." Cf. Baruch iii. 26, 27: "There dwelt those who were called giants, of great stature, skilful in war: the Lord did not choose them, nor did they discover the way of discipline; therefore have they perished."—The other passages in which the word *Repha'im* is used are Job xxvi. 5, "The *Repha'im* tremble," where it would be a bathos to represent weak, feeble creatures as trembling; Ps. lxxxviii. 11, "Shall the *Repha'im*," the dead of this older race, to whom Jehovah was unknown, "arise and praise thee"; Prov. ii. 18, ix. 18, and xxi. 16, in the first two of which the *Repha'im* are distinctly represented as formidable beings; and Is. xxvi. 14, where it is said that they, the heathen *Repha'im*, shall not again *live*.

read nothing but what we might have anticipated.—The Saints are not dead ; they live.

X. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

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